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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—XXV*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the present year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

January 11, 1906. Answer to a letter received this morning:

DEAR MRS. H.,—I am forever your debtor for reminding me of that curious passage in my life. During the first year or two after it happened, I could not bear to think of it. My pain and shame were so intense, and my sense of having been an imbecile so settled, established and confirmed, that I drove the episode entirely from my mind—and so all these twenty-eight or twenty-nine years I have lived in the conviction that my performance of that time was coarse, vulgar and destitute of humor. But your suggestion that you and your family found humor in it twenty-eight years ago moved me to look into the matter. So I commissioned a Boston typewriter to delve among the Boston papers of that bygone time and send me a copy of it.

It came this morning, and if there is any vulgarity about it I am

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not able to discover it. If it isn't innocently and ridiculously funny, I am no judge. I will see to it that you get a copy.

Address of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain")
From a report of the dinner given by the Publishers
of the Atlantic Monthly in honor of the
Seventieth Anniversary of the
Birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, December 17, 1877,
as published in the
BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT,
December 18, 1877

Mr. Chairman—This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the Atlantic and contemplating certain of its largest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me thirteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiawards. I started an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de guerre*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log cabin in the foothills of the Sierras just at nightfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened the door to me. When he heard my *nom de guerre* he looked more dejected than before. He let me in—pretty reluctantly, I thought—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee and hot whiskey, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said, in the voice of one who is secretly suffering, "You're the fourth—I'm going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth littery man that has been here in twenty-four hours—I'm going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I; "who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—consound the lot!"

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskeys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he—

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in of course. Said they were going to the Yosemite. They were a rough lot, but that's nothing; everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap, red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon; he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly, like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking, I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he—

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"'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings,
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!'

"Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and moreover I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then *he* takes me aside by the buttonhole and says—

"'Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

"Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' You see it sort of riled me—I warn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me, and interrupts me. Says he,

"'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—'

"But I broke in, and says I, 'Beg your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it and then he fires up all of a sudden and yells—

"'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
For I would drink to other days.'

"By George, I was getting kind of worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind of worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whiskey straight or you'll go dry.' Them's the very words I said to him. Now I don't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind of forced me. There ain't nothing onreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-treadin' on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to *standing* on it it's different, 'and if the court knows herself,' I says, 'you'll take whiskey straight or you'll go dry.' Well, between drinks they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout; and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust. I began to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says—

"'I am the doubter and the doubt—'

and ca'mly bunched the hands and went to shuffling for a new layout. Says he—

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"'They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways I keep.
I pass and deal *again!*'

Hang'd if he didn't go ahead and do it, too! O, he was a cool one! Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but all of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye he judged he had 'em. He had already corralled two tricks and each of the others one. So now he kind of lifts a little in his chair and says—

"'I tire of globes and aces!—
Too long the game is played!'

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie and says—

"'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught,'

—and blamed if he didn't down with *another* right bower! Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow claps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he, 'Order, gentlemen; the first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' All quiet on the Potomac, you bet!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so, by now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says, 'The nobbiest thing I ever wrote was Barbara Frietchie.' Says Longfellow, '*It don't begin with my Biglow Papers.*' Says Holmes, 'My Thanatopsis lays over 'em both. They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company —and Mr. Emerson pointed to me and says—

"'Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?'

He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. Well, sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what I've been through, my friend. When I woke at seven, they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his'n under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on, there, Evangeline, what are you going to do with *them?*' He says, 'Going to make tracks with 'em; because—

"'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in twenty-four hours—and I'm going to move; I ain't suited to a littery atmosphere."

I said to the miner, "Why, my dear sir, *these* were not the gracious

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singers to whom we and the world pay loving reverence and homage; these were impostors."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while; then said he, "Ah! impostors, were they? Are *you?*"

I did not pursue the subject, and since then I have not travelled on my *nom de guerre* enough to hurt. Such was the reminiscene I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little, but you will easily forgive me that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this.

What I have said to Mrs. H. is true. I did suffer during a year or two from the deep humiliations of that episode. But at last, in 1888, in Venice, my wife and I came across Mr. and Mrs. A. P. C., of Concord, Massachusetts, and a friendship began then of the sort which nothing but death terminates. The C.'s were very bright people and in every way charming and companionable. We were together a month or two in Venice and several months in Rome, afterwards, and one day that lamented break of mine was mentioned. And when I was on the point of lathering those people for bringing it to my mind when I had gotten the memory of it almost squelched, I perceived with joy that the C.'s were indignant about the way that my performance had been received in Boston. They poured out their opinions most freely and frankly about the frosty attitude of the people who were present at that performance, and about the Boston newspapers for the position they had taken in regard to the matter. That position was that I had been irreverent beyond belief, beyond imagination. Very well, I had accepted that as a fact for a year or two, and had been thoroughly miserable about it whenever I thought of it—which was not frequently, if I could help it. Whenever I thought of it I wondered how I ever could have been inspired to do so unholy a thing. Well, the C.'s comforted me, but they did not persuade me to continue to think about the unhappy episode. I resisted that. I tried to get it out of my mind, and let it die, and I succeeded. Until Mrs. H.'s letter came, it had been a good twenty-five years since I had thought of that matter; and when she said that the thing was funny I wondered if possibly she might be right. At any rate, my curiosity was aroused, and I wrote to Boston and got the whole thing copied, as above set forth.

I vaguely remember some of the details of that gathering—

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dimly I can see a hundred people—no, perhaps fifty—shadowy figures sitting at tables feeding, ghosts now to me, and nameless forever more. I don't know who they were, but I can very distinctly see, seated at the grand table and facing the rest of us, Mr. Emerson, supernaturally grave, unsmiling; Mr. Whittier, grave, lovely, his beautiful spirit shining out of his face; Mr. Longfellow, with his silken white hair and his benignant face; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, flashing smiles and affection and all good-fellowship everywhere like a rose-diamond whose facets are being turned toward the light first one way and then another—a charming man, and always fascinating, whether he was talking or whether he was sitting still (what *he* would call still, but what would be more or less motion to other people). I can see those figures with entire distinctness across this abyss of time.

One other feature is clear—Willie Winter (for these past thousand years dramatic editor of the "New York Tribune," and still occupying that high post in his old age) was there. He was much younger then than he is now, and he showed it. It was always a pleasure to me to see Willie Winter at a banquet. During a matter of twenty years I was seldom at a banquet where Willie Winter was not also present, and where he did not read a charming poem written for the occasion. He did it this time, and it was up to standard: dainty, happy, choicely phrased, and as good to listen to as music, and sounding exactly as if it was pouring unprepared out of heart and brain.

Now at that point ends all that was pleasurable about that notable celebration of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday—because *I* got up at that point and followed Winter, with what I have no doubt I supposed would be the gem of the evening—the gay oration above quoted from the Boston paper. I had written it all out the day before and had perfectly memorized it, and I stood up there at my genial and happy and self-satisfied ease, and began to deliver it. Those majestic guests, that row of venerable and still active volcanoes, listened, as did everybody else in the house, with attentive interest. Well, I delivered myself of—we'll say the first two hundred words of my speech. I was expecting no returns from that part of the speech, but this was not the case as regarded the rest of it. I arrived now at the dialogue: 'The old miner said, "You are the fourth, I'm going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. He answered, "The

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fourth littery man that has been here in twenty-four hours. I am going to move." "Why, you don't tell me," said I. "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, consound the lot—"'

Now then the house's *attention* continued, but the expression of interest in the faces turned to a sort of black frost. I wondered what the trouble was. I didn't know. I went on, but with difficulty—I struggled along, and entered upon that miner's fearful description of the bogus Emerson, the bogus Holmes, the bogus Longfellow, always hoping—but with a gradually perishing hope—that somebody would laugh, or that somebody would at least smile, but nobody did. I didn't know enough to give it up and sit down, I was too new to public speaking, and so I went on with this awful performance, and carried it clear through to the end, in front of a body of people who seemed turned to stone with horror. It was the sort of expression their faces would have worn if I had been making these remarks about the Deity and the rest of the Trinity; there is no milder way in which to describe the petrified condition and the ghastly expression of those people.

When I sat down it was with a heart which had long ceased to beat. I shall never be as dead again as I was then. I shall never be as miserable again as I was then. I speak now as one who doesn't know what the condition of things may be in the next world, but in this one I shall never be as wretched again as I was then. Howells, who was near me, tried to say a comforting word, but couldn't get beyond a gasp. There was no use—he understood the whole size of the disaster. He had good intentions, but the words froze before they could get out. It was an atmosphere that would freeze anything. If Benvenuto Cellini's salamander had been in that place he would not have survived to be put into Cellini's autobiography. There was a frightful pause. There was an awful silence, a desolating silence. Then the next man on the list had to get up—there was no help for it. That was Bishop — Bishop had just burst handsomely upon the world with a most acceptable novel, which had appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," a place which would make any novel respectable and any author noteworthy. In this case the novel itself was recognized as being, without extraneous help, respectable. Bishop was away up in the public favor, and he was an object of high interest, consequently there was a sort of national

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expectancy in the air; we may say our American millions were standing, from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida, holding their breath, their lips parted, their hands ready to applaud when Bishop should get up on that occasion, and for the first time in his life speak in public. It was under these damaging conditions that he got up to "make good," as the vulgar say. I had spoken several times before, and that is the reason why I was able to go on without dying in my tracks, as I ought to have done—but Bishop had had no experience. He was up facing those awful deities—facing those other people, those strangers—facing human beings for the first time in his life, with a speech to utter. No doubt it was well packed away in his memory, no doubt it was fresh and usable, until I had been heard from. I suppose that after that, and under the smothering pall of that dreary silence, it began to waste away and disappear out of his head like the rags breaking from the edge of a fog, and presently there wasn't any fog left. He didn't go on—he didn't last long. It was not many sentences after his first before he began to hesitate, and break, and lose his grip, and totter, and wobble, and at last he slumped down in a limp and mushy pile.

Well, the programme for the occasion was probably not more than one-third finished, but it ended there. Nobody rose. The next man hadn't strength enough to get up, and everybody looked so dazed, so stupefied, paralyzed, it was impossible for anybody to do anything, or even try. Nothing could go on in that strange atmosphere. Howells mournfully, and without words, hitched himself to Bishop and me and supported us out of the room. It was very kind—he was most generous. He towed us tottering away into some room in that building, and we sat down there. I don't know what my remark was now, but I know the nature of it. It was the kind of remark you make when you know that nothing in the world can help your case. But Howells was honest—he had to say the heart-breaking things he did say: that there was no help for this calamity, this shipwreck, this cataclysm; that this was the most disastrous thing that had ever happened in anybody's history—and then he added, "That is, for *you*—and consider what you have done for Bishop. It is bad enough in your case, you deserve to suffer. You have committed this crime, and you deserve to have all you are going to get. But here is an innocent man. Bishop had never done you

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any harm, and see what you have done to him. He can never hold his head up again. The world can never look upon Bishop as being a live person. He is a corpse."

That is the history of that episode of twenty-eight years ago, which pretty nearly killed me with shame during that first year or two whenever it forced its way into my mind.

Now, then, I take that speech up and examine it. As I said, it arrived this morning, from Boston. I have read it twice, and unless I am an idiot, it hasn't a single defect in it from the first word to the last. It is just as good as good can be. It is smart; it is saturated with humor. There isn't a suggestion of coarseness or vulgarity in it anywhere. What could have been the matter with that house? It is amazing, it is incredible, that they didn't shout with laughter, and those deities the loudest of them all. Could the fault have been with me? Did I lose courage when I saw those great men up there whom I was going to describe in such a strange fashion? If that happened, if I showed doubt, that can account for it, for you can't be successfully funny if you show that you are afraid of it. Well, I can't account for it, but if I had those beloved and revered old literary immortals back here now on the platform at Carnegie Hall I would take that same old speech, deliver it, word for word, and melt them till they'd run all over that stage. Oh, the fault must have been with *me,* it is not in the speech at all.

[*Dictated October 3, 1907.*] In some ways, I was always honest; even from my earliest years I could never bring myself to use money which I had acquired in questionable ways; many a time I tried, but principle was always stronger than desire. Six or eight months ago, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles was given a great dinner-party in New York, and when he and I were chatting together in the drawing-room before going out to dinner he said,

"I've known you as much as thirty years, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes, that's about it, I think."

He mused a moment or two and then said,

"I wonder we didn't meet in Washington in 1867; you were there at that time, weren't you?"

I said, "Yes, but there was a difference; I was not known then; I had not begun to bud—I was an obscurity; but you had been adding to your fine Civil War record; you had just come back

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from your brilliant Indian campaign in the Far West, and had been rewarded with a brigadier-generalship in the regular army, and everybody was talking about you and praising you. If you had met me, you wouldn't be able to remember it now—unless some unusual circumstance of the meeting had burnt it into your memory. It is forty years ago, and people don't remember nobodies over a stretch of time like that."

I didn't wish to continue the conversation along that line, so I changed the subject. I could have proven to him, without any trouble, that we did meet in Washington in 1867, but I thought it might embarrass one or the other of us, so I didn't do it. I remember the incident very well. This was the way of it:

I had just come back from the Quaker City Excursion, and had made a contract with Bliss of Hartford to write "The Innocents Abroad." I was out of money, and I went down to Washington to see if I could earn enough there to keep me in bread and butter while I should write the book. I came across William Clinton, brother of the astronomer, and together we invented a scheme for our mutual sustenance; we became the fathers and originators of what is a common feature in the newspaper world now—the syndicate. We became the old original first Newspaper Syndicate on the planet; it was on a small scale, but that is usual with untried new enterprises. We had twelve journals on our list; they were all weeklies, all obscure and poor, and all scattered far away among the back settlements. It was a proud thing for those little newspapers to have a Washington correspondence, and a fortunate thing for us that they felt in that way about it. Each of the twelve took two letters a week from us, at a dollar per letter; each of us wrote one letter per week and sent off six duplicates of it to these benefactors, thus acquiring twenty-four dollars a week to live on—which was all we needed, in our cheap and humble quarters.

Clinton was one of the dearest and loveliest human beings I have ever known, and we led a charmed existence together, in a contentment which knew no bounds. Clinton was refined by nature and breeding; he was a gentleman by nature and breeding; he was highly educated; he was of a beautiful spirit; he was pure in heart and speech. He was a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian; a Presbyterian of the old and genuine school, being honest and sincere in his religion, and loving it, and finding serenity

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and peace in it. He hadn't a vice—unless a large and grateful sympathy with Scotch whiskey may be called by that name. I didn't regard it as a vice, because he was a Scotchman, and Scotch whiskey to a Scotchman is as innocent as milk is to the rest of the human race. In Clinton's case it was a virtue, and not an economical one. Twenty-four dollars a week would really have been riches to us if we hadn't had to support that jug; because of the jug we were always sailing pretty close to the wind, and any tardiness in the arrival of any part of our income was sure to cause us some inconvenience.

I remember a time when a shortage occurred; we had to have three dollars, and we had to have it before the close of the day. I don't know now how we happened to want all that money at one time; I only know we had to have it. Clinton told me to go out and find it—and he said he would also go out and see what he could do. He didn't seem to have any doubt that we would succeed, but I knew that that was his religion working in him; I hadn't the same confidence; I hadn't any idea where to turn to raise all that bullion, and I said so. I think he was ashamed of me, privately, because of my weak faith. He told me to give myself no uneasiness, no concern; and said in a simple, confident, and unquestioning way, "the Lord will provide." I saw that he fully believed the Lord would provide, but it seemed to me that if he had had my experience—

But never mind that; before he was done with me his strong faith had had its influence, and I went forth from the place almost convinced that the Lord really would provide.

I wandered around the streets for an hour, trying to think up some way to get that money, but nothing suggested itself. At last I lounged into the big lobby of the Ebbitt House, which was then a new hotel, and sat down. Presently a dog came loafing along. He paused, glanced up at me and said, with his eyes, "Are you friendly?" I answered, with my eyes, that I was. He gave his tail a grateful little wag and came forward and rested his jaw on my knee and lifted his brown eyes to my face in a winningly affectionate way. He was a lovely creature—as beautiful as a girl, and he was made all of silk and velvet. I stroked his smooth brown head and fondled his drooping ears, and we were a pair of lovers right away. Pretty soon Brigadier-General Miles, the hero of the land, came strolling by in his

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blue and gold splendors, with everybody's admiring gaze upon him. He saw the dog and stopped, and there was a light in his eye which showed that he had a warm place in his heart for dogs like this gracious creature; then he came forward and patted the dog and said,

"He is very fine—he is a wonder; would you sell him?"

I was greatly moved; it seemed a marvellous thing to me, the way Clinton's prediction had come true. I said,

"Yes."

The General said,

"What do you ask for him?"

"Three dollars."

The General was manifestly surprised. He said,

"Three dollars? Only three dollars? Why, that dog is a most uncommon dog; he can't possibly be worth less than fifty. If he were mine, I wouldn't take a hundred for him. I'm afraid you are not aware of his value. Reconsider your price if you like, I don't wish to wrong you."

But if he had known me he would have known that I was no more capable of wronging him than he was of wronging me. I responded with the same quiet decision as before,

"No—three dollars. That is his price."

"Very well, since you insist upon it," said the General, and he gave me three dollars and led the dog away, and disappeared up-stairs.

In about ten minutes a gentle-faced middle-aged gentleman came along, and began to look around here and there and under tables and everywhere, and I said to him,

"Is it a dog you are looking for?"

His face was sad, before, and troubled; but it lit up gladly now, and he answered,

"Yes—have you seen him?"

"Yes," I said, "he was here a minute ago, and I saw him follow a gentleman away. I think I could find him for you if you would like me to try."

I have seldom seen a person look so grateful—and there was gratitude in his voice, too, when he conceded that he would like me to try. I said I would do it with great pleasure, but that as it might take a little time I hoped he would not mind paying me something for my trouble. He said he would do it most

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gladly—repeating that phrase "most gladly"—and asked me how much. I said—

"Three dollars."

He looked surprised, and said,

"Dear me, it is nothing! I will pay you ten, quite willingly."

But I said,

"No, three is the price"—and I started for the stairs without waiting for any further argument, for Clinton had said that that was the amount that the Lord would provide, and it seemed to me that it would be sacrilegious to take a penny more than was promised.

I got the number of the General's room from the office-clerk, as I passed by his wicket, and when I reached the room I found the General there caressing his dog, and quite happy. I said,

"I am sorry, but I have to take the dog again."

He seemed very much surprised, and said,

"Take him again? Why, he is my dog; you sold him to me, and at your own price."

"Yes," I said, "it is true—but I have to have him, because the man wants him again."

"What man?"

"The man that owns him; he wasn't my dog."

The General looked even more surprised than before, and for a moment he couldn't seem to find his voice; then he said,

"Do you mean to tell me that you were selling another man's dog—and knew it?"

"Yes, I knew it wasn't my dog."

"Then why did you sell him?"

I said,

"Well, that is a curious question to ask. I sold him because you wanted him. You offered to buy the dog; you can't deny that. I was not anxious to sell him—I had not even thought of selling him, but it seemed to me that if it could be any accommodation to you—"

He broke me off in the middle, and said,

"*Accommodation* to me? It is the most extraordinary spirit of accommodation I have ever heard of—the idea of your selling a dog that didn't belong to you—"

I broke him off there, and said,

"There is no relevancy about this kind of argument; you said

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yourself that the dog was probably worth a hundred dollars, I only asked you three; was there anything unfair about that? You offered to pay more, you know you did. I only asked you three; you can't deny it."

"Oh, what in the world has that to do with it! The crux of the matter is that you didn't own the dog—can't you see that? You seem to think that there is no impropriety in selling property that isn't yours provided you sell it cheap. Now, then—"

I said,

"Please don't argue about it any more. You can't get around the fact that the price was perfectly fair, perfectly reasonable—considering that I didn't own the dog—and so arguing about it is only a waste of words. I have to have him back again because the man wants him; don't you see that I haven't any choice in the matter? Put yourself in my place. Suppose you had sold a dog that didn't belong to you; suppose you—"

"Oh," he said, "don't muddle my brains any more with your idiotic reasonings! Take him along, and give me a rest."

So I paid back the three dollars and led the dog down-stairs and passed him over to his owner, and collected three for my trouble.

I went away then with a good conscience, because I had acted honorably; I never could have used the three that I sold the dog for, because it was not rightly my own, but the three I got for restoring him to his rightful owner was righteously and properly mine, because I had earned it. That man might never have gotten that dog back at all, if it hadn't been for me. My principles have remained to this day what they were then. I was always honest; I know I can never be otherwise. It is as I said in the beginning—I was never able to persuade myself to use money which I had acquired in questionable ways.

Now, then, that is the tale. Some of it is true.

MARK TWAIN.

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FICTION—ITS PLACE IN THE NATIONAL LIFE.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

THE art of fiction, so honored in the world of late years, and somewhat ruthlessly practised, does not, as a definite convention, go further back than the time of Louis XIV of France, and we Anglo-Saxons cannot point to great writers of novels previous to the days of the Guelphs and Defoe, though Boccaccio, in Italy, laid the foundations of the art while yet we had no Boccaccio in England. Painting, beautiful, sensitive, sincere, belongs to the first records of humanity; as witness the drawings upon the walls of the temples of Egypt, five thousand years old, the colors as fresh as the day they were painted. Architecture, too, scarcely less antique, had, four thousand years ago, a massive beauty never reached by mediæval or modern practice. Music, also, in the mind of man, is almost coincident with the time when, as it is recorded, the morning stars sang together in the first wakefulness of the new-created world.

Yet the novelist is the oldest of them all, existing and potential in the musician, the painter, the architect; for story-telling was the beginning, as it is the end, of all they do, whether the story be of life's material events, the record of emotions only, or the adventures of the spirit. In the infancy of language the sensuous, passionate intellect of man, seeking to record its impressions, its memories and its deeds, had recourse to these other arts, these ciphers or symbols of the expanding soul.

Fiction is not a mushroom trade, a mere side issue of literature, but an art inherently as old as the oldest. Indeed, the story-teller, the first historian of life, is the master of all other artists in essence—as was Ptah the father of the gods—incarnating himself at last through sixty centuries into at least three master

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craftsmen whom it is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race to have produced—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray.

The writing of fiction is one of the most curious phases of our own particular era. Everybody tries his or her hand at it. Men of many professions practise it, and ladies use it almost as a birthright. It is the medium of grave sociologists like Mallock, the affectation of historians like the late Mr. Froude, of the scientist-astronomer like M. Flammarion, of the naturalist like the late Mr. Grant Allen, of the scientific student like Mr. Wells, of the millionaire like Mr. Astor, of the natural mechanician like Jules Verne. It is the secret ambition of more than one Minister and ex-Minister of the Crown, whose despatch-boxes carry plays unbaptized in the dew of public applause, and books intended for a more starry acclamation than Disraeli's. It is the recreation of the duchess beset by *ennui,* who, dowered with a coronet and the strawberry leaves, still reaches out discontented fingers for the bays; it is the umbrageous dissipation of the popular Archdeacon; it is the secret ambition of coming Lord Chief Justices.

It is hardly necessary to say that pamphleteering and covert autobiography, through the medium of character and dialogue, that the emotional sensations of the boudoir transferred to an open highway, paved with press cuttings, are not the art of fiction. Great writers do not grow up in a night. A book may have a fleeting success, and yet be neither a piece of literature nor a presentation of life. It may be a transcript of personal experiences with *cliché* deductions therefrom. It may glorify or decry some passing social fad. It may excite amusement by inserting authentic and piquant facts. It may touch up the idiosyncrasies of well-known people; but that is taking the bread of society journalists out of their mouths.

This leads to another natural inquiry as to the relation of popularity to the practice of any art. Popularity is a dangerous and uncertain guarantee of either the talented, the able or the honest man; and it is no test whatever of genius; but it always has some quality or force behind it. There are novelists almost universally scorned by critics, welcomed gayly by the public, and running through editions of many scores of thousands. We should not cherish the delusion that it is "the people down the area," the waiting-maid and the valet, who read these books. You

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will find them in the hands of distinguished bankers, lawyers, doctors, and professional and business men of all sorts. If you were to ask one of them why he reads these books, he would say: "I want things to take me out of my business. I don't care whether it is true or not; I want a good story; that is all." He asks, indeed, only that a story-teller tell a good story; and he asks what is the *raison d'être* of the novel.

To the novelist you come for a story, first and before all; and it is the first and last thing he should give you. In the telling of it he may exhaust the knowledge of the universe, he may write what is literature and present the *truth* of life as well; but the story, a simple and elementary thing, is the basis of all. Man's first instinct in his elementary moods is for the story pure and simple, though that story may be the story of a soul, not the exciting accidents of flood and field. Genius tells the story, and reaches "the universal heart" as well.

In one respect the art of fiction differs from the other arts: it cannot be taught. The great men by whom so many warring disciples swear did not start with the idea of founding a school of this or of that—of idealism, or symbolism, or romanticism, or realism. That spangled glory of turning an influence into a convention and a school belongs to the lesser lights. It is they who form so-called "schools" and "theories," and call them by the names of masters who are dead and cannot resist, or alive and dare not.

In the art of fiction the individual is thrown upon his own innate talent, or genius, as the case may be. He may know and understand how Scott and Victor Hugo and Turgenieff did their work; he may saturate himself with their style and their methods; but unless he has the proper temperament, which schools never give, he cannot pass their style or their method through the crucible of his own mind and spirit and produce a crystal of his own making in the end. The work of genius is always baffling to the ordinary intelligence seeking to probe its secret, and the imitation of it is pitifully bald. The shell is got, but not the kernel; the mannerism, but not the manner; the mask, but not the face divine.

No great and permanent work of fiction can properly or arbitrarily be labelled naturalistic, idealistic, romantic, realistic or symbolistic. Love and fighting are not necessarily romance; nor

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are soup-kitchens and divorce courts necessarily realism. If realism means minuteness of detail, and to be journalistic, in information, photographic in description and hopeless in finale, then "The Toilers of the Sea," "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "A Tale of Two Cities" are deeply realistic. But if the sweep of wide and powerful imagination, the rush of large ideas, the impact of great conflicting passions, the beauty of sacrifice, the celebration of simple and primitive emotions, the faith in the heart of the writer that good is the final goal of ill, are romanticism, then these tales are also highly romantic. Unhappiness or ugliness and doleful monotony of existence are not necessarily real life, nor are the gay delights of summer love or marriage ceremonies, or successful fightings, or sacrifice and chivalry, necessarily romance.

To my mind, the novelist with the true instinct does not stop to think whether he shall write a book which is realistic or a book which is romantical. If he does, so much the worse for him and for his readers. So soon as he sets out to follow a specific academical purpose, of drawing lines and limits with the calmness of a carpenter, you shall have the work of the carpenter, the special pleader, the feverish partisan of a method. Project human life and character within the precise limits of a system, and you get a cinematograph and a Punch-and-Judy show. Of course I do not say that there are no such things as realism and romanticism, idealism and symbolism; that there have been no great achievements and wide literary and artistic movements such as proceeded from David, Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Wagner, Constable, Turner, Tolstoy and Ibsen; but I do say that their imitators have missed the masters' great glow and pulse and wide motive, and have made into shibboleths and laws what were accidents, not principles, of the great men's methods. That which was incidental they make law; and they carry the law to extremes. For instance, it is much the custom to speak of any novel which deals with the past as romantical, and tales which have a superabundance of photographic detail, as realistic. They are considered to be especially realistic if they treat of the sordid side of life. Therefore, in some quarters, there is a certain pious canon *that nothing shall end well; that life is fatuous and futile; that* there is none who is not mulcted by Fate in the long run. Yet the truth lies between these extremes, and I for one cannot but

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feel that the proportion of happiness and hope is greater than the proportion of despair and misery.

It is well for us not to be deceived by catchwords or phrases or labels. There is only one test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character; that it be eloquent of feeling, have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; and, above all, that it be sane and healthy.

As to style, when the man has real character, real power and genius, his style is himself. A book is a personality, though the author be hidden behind what he creates. That is, saturated, as he may have been by a hundred masters—and the more catholic he is the better for himself—out of all his education, out of all he has seen and read, out of the crucible where everything has been fused, is precipitated unconsciously his own style, informed by his own character. His own independence, his own courage of soul, his own way of looking at things, his own intuitions, sensations, temptations, weaknesses, powers, these all go to inform style—these and one thing more, and a reference to that will be made later. Meanwhile, perhaps, it would be interesting to consider the making of a novel.

First, we should set aside any misconception there might be as to great fiction being a transcript of life. Mere transcription is not the work of an artist. Were it so, we should have no need for painters, for photographers would do; no poems, for academical essays and Government Blue-books would do; no great works of fiction, for we have our usual sources of information, if information and presentation are all we want—the divorce court, the police court, the Stock Exchange, the young ladies' seminary, the marriage register, the Houses of Parliament and the peerage. These sources of information are not to be despised, but indeed they are only sources of information. To write fiction you must know facts; but you need not, and you must not, use them baldly. It is only the human significance of the facts which concerns you. It is the inwardness of facts which go to make fiction a history of life, its emotions, its passions, its sins, its reflections, its values. These you cannot photograph nor transcribe. The eye that sees, the instinct which reveals them, are the things that matter.

As to the choice of subject, there seems no reason why the

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artist should not choose any subject for his work if the finished production itself contributes to the decent satisfaction of the world, presents character, suggests an issue, and, above all, meets the two unchangeable and inevitable demands of art—beauty and truth. Taste is the arbiter of the subject, for true taste is always moral, always decent, always "on the side of the angels."

There are certain things which are only subjects for a technical reformer or précis-writer, for a sanitary inspector and for the physician, not for the novelist. The specialist puts down the facts merely, and they are only convincing if they are bald statements; they must not have literary eloquence; they cease then to be evidence. It is the art of the novelist to appeal to the imagination, to be eloquent; and his vivid and dramatic touch applied, at high pressure and heat, to that which is ugly and unsavory lifts it out of all proportion to its actual place in the life of the community. The motto of the writer of fiction should be, not "to show life as I see it," but "to show life as I know it." The one is the eye, the other is the soul. The first is the work of the photographer, the second the work of the artist.

Further, one is supposed to write of a country and of a people which one knows well. All achievement means knowledge of a kind, and cannot be got without it. The smallest story successfully done necessitates two things: a knowledge of character and a knowledge of the scene. The range may not be wide, but so far as it goes the basis of knowledge must be there.

Suppose that your novel is to be about the sea and the navy—the navy of England of a hundred years ago. To write of the sea adequately, you must know a ship like your hand—the use of every part of it, the duty of every sailor. You must know the tides, winds, weather—the particular waters and the littoral along which your ship moves, with its own peculiarities. Have you sea-fighting in your book? Then you must be able to fight two ships or a dozen with knowledge. You must know the etiquette of fighting as well as its facts. Your knowledge must not be merely imitative, it must be creative. You must not lift a famous or even an obscure sea-fight from history or books of adventure. You must be able on your own account, given certain conditions which you yourself make, to exploit a sea-fight of your own. You must know how to sail in triple line, attack before a wind, or to take attack upon a lee shore; you must know how to conduct a

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battle when breaking a line, or boarding, or laying athwart a hawse; how to fight in a stream, or in the seaway; how to dispose inside a harbor, or attack a leeward enemy. You must not talk of a sailor eating bread and butter, when, maybe, he only got cheese and oatmeal. You must not give him a pint of beer a day, when he received a gallon. You must not have your captain give a seaman fifty lashes, when, by law, he could only give twelve. You must know thoroughly the history of the time of which you write. All this, not because exactness is the chief thing in a story, but because the feeling of knowledge is security against that which is unreasonable. Manners, customs, dress, speech, mode of living, colloquialisms—all must be known —but not transcribed.

This sort of knowledge is confusingly called by the phrase-makers "local color," that perilous catchword which deludes the public and leads young writers to think that a phonograph and a guide-book are the weapons of fame. But without indulging in local color, it is only right to be accurate if you do indicate a fact. For, even though great critics say, "What does it matter?" when Sir Walter Scott made the sun set over the sea on the coast of Fife, or Victor Hugo in the "Toilers of the Sea" made the tide rise too high at Guernsey, or that master of detail, Kipling, chained the rowers in the galleys to the seats when, on the contrary, they rose up and down with the oar, as they do to-day in Egypt, the same critics are equally happy when Macaulay walks up the Pass of Killiecrankie to verify the speed of the English army, or Scott gallops across the lea in the Vale of Forth to fix the time for Fitz-James's ride. On the whole, you must *know,* not that you may crowd your work with local color, but that you may give the effect of a true relation. At least you must picture a time and give an atmosphere. You must start with the certainty that you understand. For the world is not kind to those who make mistakes in matters that it knows. If the farmer finds that you make him bring in hay at six o'clock in the morning; the priest, that you compel him to say mass in the evening; the lady, that you describe *chiffon* as *fichu;* the military man, that you have him doff his hat instead of saluting; the naval man, that you put a rose in his buttonhole on the quarter-deck; the politician, that you speak of dissolution when you mean proroguing; the painter, that you speak of foreshortening when you

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mean perspective; the huntsman, that you send him to a meet in June; the sailor, that you call the scuppers the "bilge"; the citizen of a far country, that you salute his land as "Our Lady of the Snows" when you mean "Our Lady of the Green Parterre"—if all these good folk find you tripping in this way, how much credit do you think you will get for the general excellence of your work from the local critic and the innumerable Columbuses among our genial critics? You may have kept your reader out of bed till the small hours entranced, but if you stumble in one small fact that he knows, then, disregarding all else, he will mercilessly put you in the pillory, before an admiring family, at to-morrow's breakfast-table.

If, as we have assumed, your story be of the sea, then the sea must be the dominant note in it, the prevailing influence, the atmosphere; all that it is, the spirit of it must be yours; something in the look of it, in the feel of it, which possesses the man, which gets into his bone and blood; which possesses the sailor, the seafarer, as the mist, the storm, the mystery, the loneliness and the brooding, varying distance possess the mountaineer in his mountains. Then, as to translating that feeling into words, the whole thing is, What is the sea to you—the artist—to yourself? How do you see it with your naked eye, the eye which God gave you, and not another: as it were, the naïve, unalloyed look of the child, upon the retina of whose sight have not impinged a thousand confusing experiences of life? Turner was showing one of his great pictures to a merchant-prince of London; and, with the candor which only great wealth or great ignorance can beget, the merchant-prince said severely: "Mr. Turner, I shall tell you the truth. I have lived forty years on the Thames, and I never saw it look like that." And Turner replied: "No, but don't you wish to God you could?"

That is the whole question. Turner saw the thing not only with the trained physical eye, but with the eye of the spirit; with the refined directness, sincerity and genuineness of the child, and the great soul of a great man. The merchant-prince saw only a dull river, a highway of commerce, muddy, sluggish and unpoetical. His physical eye was untrained. He had never seen its actual glories of light and color; his soul had never felt its mystery, its piteous passionate story. To him it was commonplace, like his own temperament.

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The true artist, be he sculptor, painter or writer of fiction, tries to throw over all his characters the feeling of environment, natural, industrial and social, which possesses them, affects them, works upon them. What is it? You go into a city—a strange city. The smell of it has the character of the city; the feeling of the air belongs to it alone; the spirit possessing the people is in the air. What one might call the idiosyncrasy of that city is upon every man in it.

You go into a great manufacturing district, where the clang of the iron is in the footstep of the men; the grim, metallic precision of machinery is in the air—something stern, something severe, yet satisfying; something permanent, concentrated, yet restless; as if the spirit of invention were abroad, and the spirit of activity were laying its hands upon every man. He has soaked in that which is of the air, the idiosyncrasy of climate, the feeling of the soil itself. It is this influence of environment which must be conveyed before all. Almost the same emotional complications universally and throughout all ages occur in every land, every hemisphere; the characters dispose themselves differently in each *mise-en-scène,* express themselves through varying attributes—that is all—each after his kind. The situation is translatable into language of human emotions, derived from the universal Volapük, the Vulgate of man in the Garden.

Othello the Moor, jealous of his wife, is, except so far as the men and their circumstances vary, little different from Mr. Jones of London, or Mr. Smith of New York, in the same situation. The daughters of Lear, chivying Cordelia from her heritage, are very little distinguishable, save in surroundings and in position, from the squabbling heirs of Chancery Lane. Recognizing these primary and universal elements of human experience, we gather what is true local color and dialect, and what is chiefly photography and superficial habits of speech or manner. A colloquialism, an idiom, a word in a phrase which reveals character, is the only true dialect; the spiritual, the inner atmosphere, is the only real local color.

The practical making of a novel must be permeated by the feeling that first inspired it, the note that should dominate it, with character not only individual but national, and above all with a universal humanity. The story should be constructed as a house is built, with knowledge and feeling as to which portion

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shall give the principal effect, with fine sense of proportion as to the parts. Consider how important a thing is the first page, the first scene in a book. Out of a whole life, or a number of lives, you must choose one incident, one scene, which shall act as a pivot for the whole story. You must strike the note which shall recur throughout the book like the *motif* in an opera, the Greek *Anamnesis*. No word should be written, no incident set down, which shall not appear later on, in effect, as inevitable to the end of the story as the beat of the pulse is to life. A story runs in a circle; it comes with philosophic certainty, and by natural throwing back, from its last effect to its first cause. A character is a law set in motion, its author cannot make it deny itself; it lives in the book according to the law of its being. It is, therefore, likely to lead the author rather than to follow him. There is no inspiration in the development of a character—that is a matter of pure logic. There is no inspiration in construction—that is a matter of strong brain, good reasoning power and architectural skill.

But we will suppose that you know your *mise-en-scène* as you know your pocket; that you feel your atmosphere, that you have your material heaped up before you, that you have your story in your mind; then comes the one thing needful beyond all others. That one thing needful is the inspiration of an idea—a central idea—the only true inspiration in a book.

A distinguished critic in a letter to me not long ago said: "I put down this book with joy; it contents me; there is in it one whole idea." A book can always be resolved into a phrase. The thing that gives vitality to skill, observation and experience is a thing you cannot touch. You cannot lay your finger on it and say, "I have it." It is the true artistic temperament; it is what may be called the flair of imagination. And to that temperament alone is given the rare idea which possesses, absorbs; which, by its own intensity, sweeps the author along to his achievement.

There is no true artist in fiction, painting and music but knows when his work has failed. Often he knows it and cannot help it. In 1891, as I stood with Sir Frederick Leighton in his studio before his half-finished picture "Solitude," he said to me: "Somehow it won't do. Look," said he, "there are a dozen studies I have made of this picture. I went into the country

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time after time to make sketches for it; but, after all, it hasn't come off. I have only six weeks before the Academy, and it mayn't come off at all." The next week, however, he went down again into the country, and brought back a new study. Now, at last, he had the idea right—the figure, the pose, the atmosphere, the feeling, the meaning; and now you shall find "Solitude" hung upon the walls of a thousand homes. There is no true artist but knows when his work has not come off. And this is the only revenge "we poor artist *vauriens*" can have upon our critics: they may praise us for our occasional virtues, or condemn us in Cambyses' vein; but we ourselves are the only people who do really know what is wrong. No great work was ever done unless there was a great central idea mastering the mind and heart of the artist, lifting him, driving him on, giving him dynamic power.

Matthew Arnold called poetry a criticism of life. In that office it does not work alone. For a hundred and fifty years, fiction has played a part in the criticism of life, which is as definite, if not as profound, as that played by poetry. Imagination is the very root of progress in a nation's life—the power to visualize things unseen from a knowledge of things seen. No nation makes progress which has not a deep intellectual life, in which poetry and the arts, offspring of the imagination, are not renewing the blood, invigorating the pulse of the people, giving a spiritual impulse to the actions of men and governments, quickening the life of the family. Point to a country decadent materially, and you will find a nation with no living literature, art or scientific development—for science must not be dissociated from the spiritual and moral life of the people. Profoundly analytical and critical and dissolvent as it is, its highest office is to construct and create, harmonize, develop and apply the product of imagination to the practical issues and labors of usual life. Imagination is the very soul of all development—the prefiguring of the possible, the inspiration to do, which comes from spiritual discovery. Fiction, as a product of the imagination, should become a greater factor; it should play a higher and higher part, in the moral welfare of the nation. It is now a reflex of the life of the people, not so much by transcription of human experience, as in giving the central, moral and intellectual attitude towards all the grave questions which make the real history of a nation. In the field of fiction you will find

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the real position of the great sociological problems, not because they are deliberately dealt with, but because you discover in them the point of view taken involuntarily and unconsciously by the writer himself, who, whatever his class, is the product of his time. Dickens's and George Meredith's early novels are as much a history of the religious, moral and social conditions of England in that splendid period of its development, the early Victorian Era, as the works of John Henry Newman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Tennyson and Kingsley specifically are a representation of the condition of certain departments of national thought and national life. And it is singular that the wonderful renaissance in religion of that day synchronized with progress in every other department of national existence. It was a time which brought forth Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and great captains of a scientific industry which revolutionized the whole material life of the nation. It was all of a piece; all rose from the same Pierian spring; all was born of a great intellectual and moral and spiritual revival. The word "moral" is not here used in the sense of "morals" as represented by obedience to the Ten Commandments, but in the sense of a sane and wholesome right-mindedness which represents a people's character, gives it its position of influence in the world. It is natural to forbear making any comparisons between this time and that, further than to venture the opinion that we have progressed in the things that matter, while progressing also in purely material things. Yet perhaps we are also living in a narrow margin of safety, and there is all too apparent a tendency among a very large portion of the Anglo-Saxon world towards superficiality, towards a growing distaste to face the serious facts of life; and the immense popularity of fiction is one of the signs. There is less history, biography, popular science and travel read to-day—in England, certainly—than a generation ago, and this is incontestably true of poetry. Accumulated wealth, the vast conveniences of daily life and the tremendous multiplication of pleasures, have made us more restless, less reflective than we were, and our solid reading and thinking have declined. Newspapers and fiction are the chief intellectual pleasure of the great mass of the people, and particularly of young people—which is more serious. Fiction has taken an unduly prominent place in the life of the people; its influence is disproportionate to its value in the national life.

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For it is not books like "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Henry Esmond," "David Copperfield" or "The Heart of Midlothian," representing the best that the mind may profit from, which are eagerly and widely read, but the thousand inferior books which have in them neither literature, nor life, nor real imagination. It is to be hoped that the tide will turn; that simple biography and travel and popular history—with good fiction, good poetry and good drama—will more largely seize the minds of young men and young women.

The popularity of historical fiction was to be welcomed and approved. We have great reason to be grateful to Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman and the American Winston Churchill for giving us, as did Kingsley, Charles Reade and Thackeray, tales of other days, inspired by the facts and circumstances of the time, a mirror of the life; for imagining and reconstructing the past, as does a great anatomist from the handful of bones given him the animal of whom they were the relics.

It is good to think that we have masters of fiction yet alive who hold the flag high, whose standards are the standards of their own forebears in the art. In England we have George Meredith and Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward; in America there are Mark Twain and W. D. Howells, captains of pure literature of which any nation should be proud—pure literature, whether in relation to the quality of the writing, or in the choice of subject and its treatment. They have done their part; and none more nobly, and in a more distinguished way, than Mr. Howells, who has been a great craftsman, a true and faithful observer of life, and a writer with as urbane and beautiful a style as lives. The world owes him much, his nation owes him more; and there are hundreds of thousands of people in "the States" whose tastes have been cultivated directly and indirectly by his books of fiction, through which there moves a personality of infinite charm.

Fiction in the United States has represented the birth of an intellectual life among the masses. There was once an aristocracy of intellect and culture in the United States, but now the democracy have reached out eagerly and definitely for "culture" as represented by good books in every department of thought; and fiction, as found chiefly in historical novels (some of them bad, others, like "Pembroke" and "Richard Carvell," good) has played a great part in stimulating the people at large to reading,

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outside the mammoth daily and weekly papers. The editors of the great magazines have been able to keep the standard of fiction high; and to-day, if a book popular on both sides of the water sells a thousand in England, it sells ten thousand in America.

And what is the end of it all, of all this writing of fiction? Is it no more than an aristocratic recreation? Is it only an amusement provided by a mummer? It is, it should be, a recreation of the noblest design; but I believe it is more still than that. All the good books, good paintings, good statuary, good buildings, if they are to be permanent, if they are to influence mankind, must make for beauty and for peace.

What is it that makes the oldest monuments of the world, those of Egypt, so powerful in their influence on the world? Look upon the temples of Karnac and of Thebes, upon the solitary Colossi seated in the Libyan plain, upon the stupendous repose of the giant figures cut out of the mount of granite at Abou Simbel. They seize and hold the mind and the heart of the spectator with so compelling a fascination that, in this modern civilization, you have a great illusion: six thousand years are displaced, and you live with Osiris and Amen-Ra and Seti and Rameses once again. What is it that you feel when you stand before the couchant Sphinx out there by the Pyramids of Egypt? It is not age alone: it is power; it is art; it is soul.

You stand beside a statue with a broken nose, a battered face. Think what it is to see this ruined profile, which, in real life, would make us turn away in pity and disgust, and then conceive the persistent, communicable power, the intrepid, unconquerable beauty, in your statue, which makes you sit longing, wondering; you yourself transported from this opulent Twentieth Century and the grossness of modern living into that beatitude of mind which is a severe simplicity, an exquisite calm, a tender sternness; a glory in stone which is as varying as the color on a girl's face in the springtime of her youth.

Art, even the art of fiction, must have beauty—the beauty of order, of discipline, of temperament, of imagination, of mystery —all these which are greater than exact facts, or details, which express the soul of things rather than the concrete image. And in the thing that is great there is no eccentricity, nothing that is morbid; it is all normal; but the normal form and power are infused with life, composed of genius. That which is eccentric

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is unnatural. Sanity, a supreme and perfect sanity, this is the great quality of art. To see things with right-mindedness; to judge coolly, and, having judged, then with the splendor of the imagination to fashion the thing which the brain conceived, and the hand performs—that is art, even the art of fiction.

This is one of the reasons why great books are read on and on. They are an artistic and intellectual investment and heritage. They are a human document offered in exchange for the nation's bonds. They have a place in the nation's life; they have permanency; they belong.

It is the joy of art and of the artist that no loving care is wasted; that the root you water and the plant you nourish, with careful affection and desire for its well-being and that of the world, gives shade and pleasure and content somewhere—to some human being; that, while the intrinsic excellence, the perfect detail, the good art and philosophy may often be passed over by the multitude, the sound humanity of the book does its work, it clothes people of the imagination with the illusion of reality and truth.

For us who write songs, tales or histories, nature and beauty repay us by so much as we let them come near to our souls. The nearer we let them come, the more generously are we repaid. The moral glow in the ambitions of him who strives, however inadequately, to express himself, to translate spiritual power and vision into practical being, strengthens the life of the nation, plays its part in the progress of humanity, though the man himself, at last, be buried deep under the discarded manuscript of his life's dreams. But indeed all arts, sciences, mechanisms, labors, businesses, industries and offices should lead to the one end—the enlightenment of race, the deepening of pure patriotism, the sense of common responsibility for the welfare of that particular family in the races of the world to which those who employ our human crafts belong. Character is what we should be making in all the arts, as in all the industries and labors of life. What better epitaph can you wish, statesman, merchant, scientist, farmer, mechanician, hewer of wood, drawer of water and writer of fiction, than these last words of Thomas Hardy's exquisite "Woodlanders":

"He was a good man and he done good things!"

GILBERT PARKER.

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PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS.

BY HENRY C. IDE, RECENTLY GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

THE doctors who for some months past, in the columns of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and elsewhere, have published prescriptions for curing the ills of the Filipino people, have differed widely in diagnosis and remedies recommended for administration to the patient.

Major L. L. Seaman is of the opinion that "the hope of the Philippines lies in the free admission of Chinese to the islands," which, he insists, "will do more to promote the industrial development and the civilization of these islands than any other factor; and the sooner America appreciates this fact and acts upon it, the more prompt will be her relief from her present embarrassing condition."*

Ex-Judge James H. Blount solves the problem with equal ease and greater exuberance of language: "Let a date be fixed by the United States Congress for turning over the government of the archipelago to its people, a date which will afford to the great majority of the present generation a reasonable expectation of living to see the independence of their country, and all political unrest, including most of the brigandage of the islands, will at once cease. . . . Then unborn national life will leap for joy in the womb of time. Te Deums will be celebrated in each church of every town in the archipelago, from Aparri to Zamboanga. Aglipai himself may even say, 'Now, Lord, let my schism depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen my salvation.'"†

Senator Francis G. Newlands, while opposed to the retention of the islands by the United States, believes that "the country had in

* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, May 17th, 1907.

† "Philippine Independence, When," "Philippine Independence, Why," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January 18th, 1907, June 21st, 1907.

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two campaigns decided that the Philippines should be retained, . . . and that the best men of both parties were now intent upon solving the question in a manner consistent with the theory and traditions of our government." After a visit to the islands, the Senator was convinced that the "Philippine Commission is conscientiously working out the problems of good government, with a single eye to the prosperity and advancement of the Filipino people. . . . It is pre-eminently a government *for* the people, and its purpose is to instruct the people, and particularly the peasant class, so as to give them a realization of what justice in individual rights and civil responsibility mean." He commends the work of the government in education, road-building, harbor and municipal improvements, the development of agricultural interests, and the construction of new railroads. The remedies that he proposes are mainly an authorization of the issue of bonds by the insular government, guaranteed by the United States, for the construction of railroads, the establishment of an agricultural bank, and the making of needed permanent improvements, together with the repeal of the act extending our coast navigation laws to the Philippine Islands.*

Mr. W. J. Bryan, through the columns of his "Commoner," has repeatedly advocated the declaration of early independence of the Philippine Islands, with the exception of the great island of Mindanao, and the Jolo archipelago.

After a service in the islands of between six and seven years, as Philippine Commissioner, Secretary of Finance and Justice, Vice-Governor and Governor-General, with such thorough knowledge of the people, their habits, customs, training, civic aspirations, political capacity and economic resources, as come from a close personal acquaintance and contact with all classes, and from repeated journeys through nearly every part of the archipelago, I am unable to agree with the solutions proposed by any of the gentlemen above mentioned, or to deem any of them alone as sufficient to accomplish the results best for the Filipinos, and most consistent with the honor, good faith and dignity of the United States.

Major Seaman's advocacy of the introduction of Chinese presents no discussion of the effect of such introduction upon the

* "A Democrat in the Philippines," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, December, 1905.

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Filipino people themselves, and apparently disregards them as a factor in the situation. The language which he uses in describing the Filipinos would indicate that he regarded them as so worthless, depraved and vicious that it is unnecessary to give the slightest consideration to their interests or feelings. He calls the islands "that region of treachery and savagery." He believes that our school-teachers must fail "in the attempt to educate these semi-savage, deceitful Malays, tainted with Spanish cross, who for centuries will be unable to eradicate the treacherous, cowardly instincts of their race." He cannot believe "that such a creature, the natural product of a tropical environment, whose evolution has taken ages in the development of the instincts of treachery, the characteristics and qualities that have enabled him to preserve his existence in the land of the tiger and the viper, could be suddenly translated into a self-governing citizen." He calls the Filipino "a Malay savage," and thinks that the self-governing ability cannot "be hypodermically injected in concentrated essence into the ignorant, treacherous, low-bred Filipino." However deserving of reprobation the Filipino may be, his undesirable qualities can hardly be the result of efforts to "preserve his existence in the land of the tiger and the viper," because there never was a tiger, or any of his near relatives, in the Philippine Islands, unless brought there in a cage from Asia as a subject of great curiosity to the natives, nor have I ever heard of a viper in all that region. The islands are singularly free from poisonous animals or reptiles, far more so than those sections of the United States where the rattlesnake, the moccasin and the copperhead abound. The Filipino has his imperfections, and very marked ones. He is ignorant of all political institutions and civil duties, and is without the necessity, and therefore without the inclination, to labor as continuously and ambitiously as is done by races who live in sterner climes and less fruitful regions. He has and reads very few newspapers, and in times of war he has reverted to practices of artifice and cruelty such as are now condemned by more enlightened nations. He lacks the push and energy essential to invention, creation of literature, the best development of the physical resources of a country, and the organization of great commercial and industrial enterprises. On the other hand, he is temperate—more so, by far, than any other people with whom I have ever been intimately acquainted; he

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has an ever-present and intense love for home and family; he is generally inclined to obey the laws—so much so that the city of Manila, undoubtedly, has less crimes of violence than any other city of its size under the American flag; he is hospitable, polite and, if fairly well educated, of most gracious manners. He is ordinarily very susceptible to kind and sympathetic advances and courteous treatment, and is strongly influenced by appeals to sentiment. This last quality makes him more easily a prey to the agitator and demagogue. The replies to Major Seaman's theory seem obvious. In the first place, we exclude the Chinese from our own immediate country, notwithstanding the admirable qualities which they possess. It would be inconsistent to say that, while formidable to us, we would let them loose upon the more defenceless Filipino. In the second place, an inundation of Chinese in the Philippines, which would be sure to occur to the extent of millions by reason of the enormously high wages which the Chinese there earn compared with what they receive in their own country, would end the possibility of obtaining modifications in the tariff barriers which the United States has erected against the Philippine sugar and tobacco. The claim that our own sugar and tobacco interests would thus be brought directly into competition with those of cheap Asiatic labor would then be unanswerable, and our present unjust policy of treating the islands as alien for the purposes of tobacco and sugar only, but as domestic for the purposes of coastwise trade, would be perpetuated. In the next place, while it is very probably true that the introduction of the Chinese would result in the more rapid industrial development of the islands, yet our business there is not primarily the development of the *islands,* but the development of the *people of the islands.* A great influx of Chinese would result immediately in an almost complete arrest of the development of the Filipino people along progressive lines. Major Seaman furnishes the answer to himself when he says of the Chinese: "When put in competition with the Bornean, the Filipino, the Singalese, the Hawaiian, the Japanese and the Hindu, he invariably wins, as may be seen by his rise from poverty to wealth and influence in the cities of Singapore, Calcutta, Manila, Honolulu and Yokohama."

All who are familiar with conditions in Singapore and in the Straits Settlements know perfectly well that the original inhabitants have been driven to the wall and are poverty-stricken and

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helpless. Singapore is called a British city, and the Straits Settlements are under British rule; but both are Chinese regions almost exclusively, and the native and original owners of the regions count for little more than the cattle. In the Philippine Islands the Chinaman is hated—hated, doubtless, for his virtues there as here, but still hated. For us to inundate the islands with hordes of Chinese against the wishes of the inhabitants would be an act of the basest perfidy.

So far as Mr. Bryan's proposition—to give early independence to all parts of the Philippine Islands, except Mindanao and the Jolo archipelago—is based upon the theory that we ought not to govern people without their consent, the theory vanishes into thin air the moment that it is proposed to retain the immense areas included in the excepted parts. If it is just and wise to retain Mindanao and Jolo, it is equally just and wise to control the rest of the islands, unless that remainder is composed of people so civilized and developed as to require totally different treatment. That reduces the whole question to one of the capacity of the inhabitants to govern themselves. That is a question of fact, and upon that fact the judgment of the American people apparently is, and is rightly, that no considerable portion of the people of the islands have yet had sufficient education, training or experience in free institutions to fit them at present for self-government. Mr. Bryan was in the islands for a few weeks, visited Manila, and a few other important towns, was feasted and courteously treated by Americans and leading Filipinos, and acquired only the cursory and extremely superficial knowledge of actual conditions that could be thus obtained.

Judge Blount was longer in the islands, first in the army, then for a time in the insular service. His opportunities for intelligent judgment were greatly superior to those of Mr. Bryan; but his view of the proper policy to be pursued in the future, and that ought to have been pursued in the past, seems to be largely influenced by his predilections in favor of military rule. He states that the Schurman Commission, first appointed for the purpose of attempting to end bloodshed and produce peace and good order, "hoped that the Filipinos could be persuaded to give up their idea of independence. *The army knew better.*" He declared that Secretary Taft, when he was at the head of the Philippine Commission, "was not then a judge. He was a partisan of the Republican

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party, an advocate. . . . He accepted the views of the natives not in arms as against that of the *army*. The Commission brought with them the theory that kindness would win the people over, and they at once proceeded to act conformably to that amiable delusion." Was Judge Blount opposed to kindness? Does he mean that the army knew that kindness could be of no service, and that the only method of dealing with the people was by the mailed fist and the iron heel? He proceeds: "Whether the country should be ready for civil government on a fixed date or not, it *had to be*. Within less than six months after, the flames of insurrection broke out anew in Batangas and the adjacent provinces, and it became necessary to give the military a free hand." It is true that the province of Batangas was passed over to the civil government too early, but it is equally true that that province, like every other one that was organized under the civil government in the year 1902, was so organized upon the recommendation of Major-General McArthur, the commander-in-chief of the United States forces in the Philippine Islands. General McArthur, in writing, recommended the inauguration of civil government in the various provinces wherein it was so inaugurated as a measure of peace, a means of ending war. His judgment was entirely sound and wise, and agreed with that of the Commission, except that he made a mistake as to the real condition of the province of Batangas. Judge Blount finally says that Governor Taft's error led him to reduce most impracticably the army of occupation and the number of armed posts against military advice. The army of occupation at one time numbered over sixty thousand soldiers and officers. That number was gradually reduced, upon recommendation of Judge Taft and other authorities. Governor Taft finally recommended the reduction to fifteen thousand American troops. The reduction was made, and made with perfect safety, and that number has not been exceeded in recent years. The policy of inaugurating civil government, and taking the Filipinos in to aid the government, was one of the greatest measures of peace, one that every wise student of Philippine affairs recognized as most beneficial, most conducive to the substantial results of universal peace that have been achieved. Nothing could be more clearly demonstrated than was the wisdom of Governor Taft's recommendations in this behalf by subsequent events. Judge Blount proceeds: "Caring for the peaceably

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inclined people . . . is not the only problem which can be competently handled *by the military alone.*" He then goes on to describe the number of prisoners in the jails, and the unsanitary conditions which ensued, and says: "If the *military authorities* had had charge of those prisoners, it is safe to say that the mortality among them would be far less. Possibly half or even three-fourths of those who died would have lived. Political necessity, inherent in our former government, kept the army from acting then, and keeps it from talking now." He further inquires, after stating the conditions that existed in November in the province of Samar: "Why was not the situation turned over to the military authorities?" He answers this question in his second article as follows: "The failure to order out the troops was due to the fact that such action, cabled to the United States, might hurt the administration in the Presidential election then approaching, by creating at home an impression that the situation as to proper order was not well in hand." It is a moderate statement to say that this insinuation or direct charge is absolutely unfounded in fact, and furnishes a key to a considerable portion of Judge Blount's two articles. Either he was then laboring under the impression, from his proclivities as a Georgia Democrat, or he has since acquired the impression, that there was something sinister in the failure to make an early suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus,* and let the army loose in the province of Samar. How many people in the United States know or care whether the army of the United States is or is not used in the Philippines in connection with any particular incident? To what extent could any Presidential election have been affected by a statement that the army, instead of the Philippine constabulary, was engaged in maintaining order in the single province of Samar? I have personal knowledge on the subject of the considerations governing the procedure of the insular government in Samar. I was in constant consultation with Governor-General Wright upon that subject when it was under discussion from day to day. There was the same unwillingness to use the army in the islands after the complete inauguration of civil government and general pacification that there is in the United States. It was considered to be better for the Filipino people that good order among them should be maintained by their own insular police force and constabulary rather than by the army of the United States. In the end it

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appeared that the situation in Samar—with its immense forests, almost pathless, its deep ravines, its heavy rains, its large uninhabited regions—presented so many formidable difficulties for the limited number of constabulary, who are also required to be the peace officers among seven or eight million people, that the aid of some of the United States army forces ought to be invoked. The officers of the army were always ready, and more than ready, to render assistance when requested, and it was purely a question of practical expediency in the islands as to whether the necessity had or had not arisen for employing them to aid in controlling the situation. The action taken was not in any way directed from Washington, nor, so far as I have any reason to believe, aside from Judge Blount's statements, influenced by any considerations of the political situation in the United States. Judge Blount further states: "No matter how high the character of the responsible heads of such Colonial government, they will let go nothing that will hurt the administration." Since the complete inauguration of civil government in the Philippine Islands, there has been absolutely no censorship of the press, nor has any person connected with the administration had the slightest knowledge as to the character of the individual cable messages or correspondence sent from the islands to the United States. The whole conduct of the government has been open and aboveboard. It has, undoubtedly, made mistakes, but suppression of information has not been one of them. It is inconceivable that the Commission could have been animated by the base and ignoble partisan prejudices thus charged against them. During most of the year 1904, there were but four American Commissioners present in the islands. Of these Governor-General Wright was a lifelong Democrat, as he is to-day, and General Smith, then a member of the Commission, and now Governor-General, was and is a Bryan Democrat. Both of these gentlemen, as well as the other members of the Commission, were high-minded and honorable men, who felt that they were charged with a trust of the greatest responsibility, and were bound to exercise it with the utmost fidelity and loyalty to the true interests of the people whose guardians they were.

The solution offered by Senator Newlands in his discussion seems to recognize actual events. Every department of the government of the United States has passed upon the question as to whether we ought to assume the position of trustee of the Filipino

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people, from which we had ousted the Spanish government. The Peace Commission to negotiate the treaty with Spain, composed partly of Republicans and partly of Democrats, arranged for the acquisition of the islands. The President authorized the execution of a treaty upon this basis. The Senate, after the fullest discussion, ratified the treaty by Republican and Democratic votes, the latter acting in part under the advice of Mr. Bryan. Both houses, embracing both political parties, made the appropriation to pay to Spain the stipulated sum. Congress has passed repeated acts for the government of the islands, and theoretically *for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof.* The discussions upon these acts have been largely free from partisan considerations. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the action of Congress in this behalf was within the limits of the Constitution. In two Presidential elections an appeal to the people has been made on the Philippine problem, as well as upon others, and the result in both cases has been an adherence to the policy upon which we have entered.

The subject for discussion should be, having entered upon this great trust, how best, most wisely and most honorably can we fulfil it? Our policy has been declared before all mankind by those entitled to declare it. President McKinley, a most loyal friend of the Filipinos, thus stated our duty: "The Philippines are ours, not to exploit, but to develop, to educate, to train in the science of self-government." His Secretary of War, Mr. Root, who was charged with the direct responsibility for the administration of the islands, has thus announced:

"There seems no reasonable cause to doubt that, under the policy already effectually inaugurated, the institutions already implanted, the process already begun in the Philippine Islands, if these be not repressed and interrupted, the Filipino people will follow in the footsteps of the people of Cuba, but more slowly indeed, because they are not as advanced; yet as surely they will grow in capacity for self-government and, receiving power as they grow in capacity, will eventually come to have such relations to the people of the United States as now the people of Cuba have, differing in details as conditions and needs differ, the same in principle, and the same in beneficent results."

President Roosevelt has declared:

"To withdraw our government from the islands at this time would mean to the average native loss of a barely won civil freedom. We have established in the islands a government by Americans assisted by Fili-

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pinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into a government by Filipinos assisted by Americans."

Secretary Taft, from his position as the President of the Philippine Commission, Governor of the Islands, and Secretary of War, has set forth our relations to the Filipinos thus:

"The great object we now have in the Philippines is to build up the government there so as to make it more and more useful to the Filipinos, so that they may ultimately become an educated, intelligent and self-governing people."

It would be difficult to conceive declarations of a more lofty policy, or one founded more strongly in the highest sense of national honor and national obligation. Can we abandon, in the face of all mankind, the trust which we assumed knowingly and deliberately, because somebody is of the opinion that the army ought sooner to have been brought into requisition in some particular province of the islands, or conceives the idea that such action, though taken by a Democratic Governor-General, was for the purpose of electing President Roosevelt, or because it cost more to maintain a portion of our army and navy in and about the Philippine Islands than it would if they remained at home, or because the islands are not as rapidly developed as they would be if the Chinese hordes were poured into them, or because our trade with the islands is less than had been anticipated, or because our wards are not all grateful for the tremendous aid that we have given them? In point of fact, the progress in the islands has been very great in the construction of roads, bridges, public buildings and harbor improvements; in the extermination of contagious diseases of men and animals; in the development of scientific institutions of very high grade; in the establishment of an educational system which furnishes instruction to half a million children otherwise uninstructed; in the establishment and maintenance of a fixed and stable currency on the gold standard, in place of the daily fluctuating one of silver; in the organization of a judiciary system and legal procedure as good as is found in the United States; in the organization of municipal, provincial and insular governments, wherein the largest proportion of employees and officers are Filipinos; in the gradual training of the people in the arts of self-government; in the recognition of the rights of free speech, free assembly, free discussion of public questions; in putting the finances of the islands on a firm and

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secure basis, so that its credit is of the very highest; in the establishment of a rigid system of civil service, more rigid and more thoroughly applied than anywhere in the United States; and, finally, in the inauguration of a legislative assembly every member of which is a Filipino, chosen by popular election, and which has equal power in all legislation with the Commission, three of the eight members of the latter body also being Filipinos. The great lessons of good order and self-restraint are being gradually taught. Probably we have gone too fast. Probably we have fed to the Filipinos too strong food before their digestions were in condition to assimilate it. We should be willing to make progress at a moderate pace, and not a furious gallop. Lord Cromer, on retiring from his long career of usefulness in Egypt, among other things said:

"I shall deprecate any brisk change, any violent new departure, more especially, if necessary I shall urge that this spurious, manufactured movement in favor of the rapid development of parliamentary institutions be treated for what it is worth, and, let me add, it is worth very little."

Bishop Brent, whose long experience in the Philippines, high character, and thorough interest in the success of our experiment there are well known, as lately as July 20th last said:

"It is pace that kills, whether on the race-track or in the realm of politics, and we are running for a fall. . . . We have been going at a pace unsuited to the people. The ballot is the last and not the first gift of civilization, demanding a high measure of understanding."

It is said that the Filipinos all desire early or immediate independence, and that this is shown among other ways by the result of the recent election for members of the legislative assembly. These propositions cannot be unqualifiedly assented to. "*La Democracia,*" the organ of the *Progresista* party, just before the election on the 30th of July last, declared:

"We are becoming more and more confirmed in our conviction that, if independence were granted us to-day, tyranny and oppression would reign supreme in the Philippines, and, saddest of all, we would be oppressed and vexed by our own kind, and civil war would be inevitable."

At the election, the total vote throughout the islands was 97,803 out of a population of between seven and eight million people, not including Moros and non-Christian tribes. The vote was only one and four-tenths per cent. of the population. The

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people, therefore, did not speak. An extremely small minority took an interest in the election, and in many cases agitators were chosen as representatives. Of eighty members elected, sixteen were *Progresistas,* whose platform favors a continued relation between the United States and the Philippine Islands, until the Filipinos shall have been trained in the art of government, and become economically and politically able to maintain a substantial government of their own. Nineteen unpledged or independent candidates were chosen, who will probably in the main be conservative and act with the *Progresistas.* The "*Libertas*" of Manila, three days after the election said:

"The American flag floating over Port Santiago should be replaced by the Filipino colors. But, frankly speaking, this seems very far from being realized. In the first place, it is very doubtful if the coming assembly will be a truly genuine representation of all the Filipino people. More than five-sixths of the legal voters took no part in the election. Can it be said, therefore, that the assembly would truly express the will of the Filipino people in its entirety? Moreover, the desire of a people, of an individual, to be independent, and the capacity of being so, are two different propositions. . . . In spite of the almost unanimous wish of the Hindus and the Japanese to be independent, no one believes that these people are capable of constituting independent and civilized nations in the sense of sociology and modern international light. A youngster may be desirous of leaving the tutelage of his parents; but, notwithstanding his laudable desire, wise legislation does not, by any means, recognize his capacity to make good use of his liberty. Faculty for self-government comes from the head, while the desire for it is a matter of sentiment."

The "*Libertas*" is the church organ, and represents the sentiments of the Catholic hierarchy, which is a mighty power in the islands. When Archbishop Harty, the highest religious authority there, was recently in the United States, he stated, in a published interview: "It would be a burning disgrace for the United States to abandon the Philippines. I want to use that word. It would be a shame." That this consideration affected the Catholic vote in the last Presidential election in the United States is a matter that cannot admit of doubt. And it will affect future elections. The church fears confiscation, such as has occurred in Mexico and in other Latin countries, if the protecting power of the United States be withdrawn. This is another reason why the whole subject should be taken out of politics. In my opinion, comparatively few of the well-educated, conservative,

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property-owning and judicious Filipinos desire early independence. On the contrary, they fear the result, and look only for revolution and chaos in such an event, notwithstanding their natural interest and pride in their own people. On the 30th of August, 1905, Governor Arturo Dancel of Rizal province, not an appointed officer, but one elected by the people, appeared before the Taft visiting party of Senators and Congressmen, to testify. He is a full-blooded Filipino, and he said:

"I wish to state, in the first place, that the sensible people of the Philippines, those who really have a love for their country, cannot, for one moment, think of absolute independence in the immediate future, owing to the present conditions and circumstances of the islands. . . . I believe that, in case of creating immediate independence, and the establishment of a Filipino government at the present time, in place of peace we would have anarchy; the right of might would prevail, not the right of law."

Governor Dancel since giving this testimony, which was widely published, has been re-elected by the people of his province. During the visit of the Taft party Dr. Pardo de Tavera, one of the most highly educated men in the Philippine Islands, testified:

"There is no difference of opinion among educated, cultivated men who are honest with themselves, as to the idea that for the present it will be impracticable to have independence, nor do they fail to see that their having it would only mean that they would lose it in a short time, and not be able to enjoy it. . . . The intelligent people know that they are not prepared for independence now, but there is some attraction for the common people."

Substantially the same testimony was given by Chief-Justice Arellano, Commissioners Luzuriaga and Legarda and others, who are highly educated and public-spirited men.

Some highly interesting testimony as to what would be likely to occur if the Filipinos were left to govern themselves appears in the article of Judge Blount above referred to. He states that, in the year 1904, the province of Samar was being overrun by outlaws and brigands, and that, in less than one hundred days, more than fifty thousand people had been made homeless by their depredations. The outlaws who committed these outrages were without exception Filipinos. The fifty thousand people who were rendered homeless in that single province, one province out of forty, were all Filipinos. It was Filipino against Filipino, and the cause of this frightful condition, according to Judge Blount,

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was that the Philippine native constabulary was insufficient to maintain order, and the United States army ought to have been called in. If all the restraining influences of the United States were withdrawn, how long would it be before the condition which Judge Blount so graphically describes in Samar would be extended from one end of the islands to the other?

It is apparent to the most casual observer that the islands have not the slightest defensive power against foreign aggression. This is universally recognized among the agitators, Philippine and American, who demand immediate independence. Nor can anything be more certain than that, with the universal land hunger now prevailing among the nations of the earth, occasion for offence against the Philippine Islands would quickly arise; and they would become dependents of people with far less altruistic motives than we have professed, and are in fact in the main acting upon. To meet this most palpable difficulty, it is proposed that the islands should be neutralized by international agreement. It is highly improbable that the United States will ever enter into any such agreement. It has never taken such a step, except in the case of the Samoan Islands, in relation to which a treaty was executed in July, 1889, at Berlin, between the United States, Germany and Great Britain, wherein it was stipulated, among other things, that "the independence and autonomy of the government of the Samoan Islands is recognized." The treaty was a compact that neither of the three powers would appropriate the islands, and was a caveat to all the rest of the world to keep their hands off. The practical working of this tripartite agreement was found to be filled with difficulties and embarrassments and jealousies, to such an extent that it was deemed impracticable to continue it. Within ten years from its date, the kingdom of Samoa had ceased to exist, Germany had appropriated the greater portion of the group, the United States the small island of Tutuila and adjacent smaller islands, together with the valuable harbor of Pago Pago, and Great Britain had received compensation for the surrender of its supposed rights by redelimitation of the boundaries of its spheres of influence in other parts of the Pacific Ocean and in South Africa. An entangling alliance of that kind is not likely to be entered upon again. Aside from the embarrassment of such agreements, they are usually ineffectual, as is illustrated in the case of Egypt, which has become practically a British colony, and

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in the case of Manchuria, which was supposed to be neutralized at the expiration of the Japanese and Chinese war, but which was converted into a Russian annex almost before the ink of the agreement was dry. The neutralization of Switzerland in 1815 was of a country which had large resources within itself, and had displayed remarkable vigor in defending its own rights; but the neutralization was primarily not for the benefit of the inhabitants of Switzerland, but for the safety of the nations of Europe. Similar considerations led to the action in relation to the kingdom of Belgium in 1839. The proposed neutralization of Korea has eventuated only in its practical absorption by Japan.

On the whole, it would seem that no other course is yet feasible for dealing with the Philippine Islands than that of tutelage, training, high and sympathetic guidance. That is the course upon which we have entered, and we ought to continue in it until the time shall arrive, which no one can now definitely fix, when the people of the islands shall have become so trained and educated and accustomed to self-restraint, and to the exercise of the powers of government, and so financially equipped as to be able to maintain a respectable government, when the question of independence may become a real, practically impending one. When that time arrives, the people of the islands may and may not desire independence. They may prefer, and they quite probably will, to continue to receive the aid and sympathy of the great American Republic, provided our administration is sufficiently wise, sympathetic and altruistic.

HENRY C. IDE.

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HAS THE UNITED STATES REPUDIATED INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION?

BY PHILIP WALTER HENRY.

We hear a great deal in these days about the advent of international arbitration, which will cure all difficulties between nations, and even cause the abolition of war. Our delegates at The Hague were so throroughly imbued with the righteousness of decisions given through international arbitration that they were reported as having advocated the use of force in compelling nations to accept the award and pay the penalty. But, while our Hague delegates were taking this high and very proper position, what was the attitude of our State Department? Not the theoretical attitude which may be expressed in words, but what was its real attitude as shown in actual practice? Our President says that deeds are mightier than words; and by the deeds of the State Department, rather than by the words of our Hague delegates, will the real policy of our Government be known. Whether there are any other deeds like the one which will now be discussed is unknown to the writer; but certainly this one looks very much like the repudiation of an international award.

The case in point is that of the Orinoco Steamship Company, which submitted through our State Department a claim against Venezuela for $1,401,559.03, and was awarded by international arbitration $28,224.93, or about two per cent. of its claim. This claim was presented about the time that England, Germany and Italy blockaded the ports of Venezuela in order to force a settlement of their claims. Through the kind offices of our Minister, Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, it was agreed to submit these claims to international arbitration. At the same time, Mr. Bowen arranged that non-blockading Powers having claims against Venezuela should also submit them to arbitration, among these being the

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claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company. Later, the question came up as to whether the claims of the blockading Powers were to receive preference in time of payment, and the Hague Tribunal, to which the matter was referred, decided in their favor. Venezuela has just finished paying off the claims of the blockading Powers, and, as far as known, not one of those nations demanded the reopening of a case decided by the duly appointed arbitrator. That course was apparently left to the United States, one of the non-blockading Powers, a nation supposed to be friendly to weaker nations, especially to those of South America which the Monroe Doctrine has kindly committed to her care.

The claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company, also known as the Olcott claim, was decided by Dr. Harry Barge, an arbitrator appointed by the Queen of Holland, and one would naturally suppose that his decision would be regarded as final. The award (two per cent. of the original claim*) was of course unsatisfactory to the claimant, which, through the State Department,

* In this connection, the following quotations from an article on "The Calvo and Drago Doctrines," by Amos S. Hershey, which appeared in the January, 1907, number of the "American Journal of International Law," are interesting:

"The Civil War claims of Great Britain against the United States, which were settled by a mixed commission in 1873, amounted (with interest) to about $96,000,000. Less than $2,000,000 [2 per cent.] were actually awarded to the British claimants. . . . The claims of France growing out of the Civil War were also settled by the mixed commission which met in 1880–84. They aggregated about $35,000,000. The amount actually awarded was $625,566.35, *i. e.*, less than 2 per cent. of the amount demanded. . . . The claims of the United States against Mexico, presented to the mixed commission which met in July, 1869, and continued until January, 1876, amounted to the enormous sum of $470,000,000. The actual amount awarded was $4,000,000, or less than one per cent. The claims of citizens of Mexico against the United States amounted to $86,000,000. They received $150,000.

"The mixed commissions which adjudicated the claims against Venezuela at Caracas, during the summer of 1903, awarded 2,313,711 bolivars to claimants of the United States, out of 81,410,952 which were demanded; 1,974,818 to Spanish claimants who had demanded 5,307,626; 2,975,906 to Italian claimants who had asked for 39,844,258; 2,091,908 to German claimants who had demanded 7,376,685; 9,401,267 to British claimants instead of 14,743,572 as demanded; and 10,898,643 to Belgian claimants who had only demanded 14,921,805 bolivars. The demands of French claimants, which amounted to nearly $8,000,000, were cut down to $685,000.

"Besides being excessive in amount, it is believed that many of these claims are bottomed on fraud and tainted with illegality and injustice. It is notorious that the sums received by a government are often far below the face value of the loan, and many of the claimants for losses during civil war or insurrection are not above a well-grounded suspicion of having themselves been engaged in unneutral or insurrectionary acts."

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sought a reopening of the case. This action was so effective that, under date of January 30th, 1905, Mr. Bowen, in a letter to the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs, referred to this claim as follows:

"I have the honor, in compliance with instructions I have received from Washington, to request your Excellency to inform me whether the Government of Venezuela is willing to agree to the revision of the Olcott matter?"

Under date of February 2nd, 1905, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied to Mr. Bowen on this point, as follows:

"As to the revision of the award of Mr. Olcott, although it is not known that any protest about the matter has been made by him, the case, in the opinion of the Federal Executive, would be of such gravity if it were made that in his judgment all the protocols would be annulled which your Excellency signed in Washington in the name and as the representative of Venezuela. Nothing creditable would then result to the Government of the Republic from its acceptance."

Under date of March 10th, 1905, Secretary Hay wrote to Mr. Bowen:

"The revision of the Olcott award could not have the serious consequence supposed in the note of the Minister addressed to you on February 2nd. The protocol for the revision of that award would be so drawn that the action of the reviewing tribunal would have no effect on the previous protocol and awards. It would have the effect, and this Department asks, that the tribunal might fairly and fully reconsider the whole case, and render to Mr. Olcott that justice which appears to have been denied by the award given under the previous protocol."

In the first part of this letter, Mr. Hay urged the necessity of arbitrating the New York & Bermudez Co. claim, then pending in the Venezuelan Courts, and referring to both those matters, he closes his letter in the following rather emphatic language:

"The attitude of the Venezuelan Government toward the Government of the United States, and toward the interests of its citizens who have suffered so grave and frequent wrongs arbitrarily committed by the Government of Venezuela, require that justice should now be fully done, once for all. If the Government of Venezuela finally declines to consent to an impartial arbitration, insuring the rendition of complete justice of those injured parties, the Government of the United States may be regretfully compelled to take such measures as it may find necessary to effect complete redress without resort to arbitration. The Government of the United States stands committed to the principle of im-

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partial arbitration, which can do injustice to nobody; and, if its moderate request is peremptorily refused, it will be at liberty to consider, if it is compelled to resort to more vigorous measures, whether those measures shall include complete indemnification, not only for the citizens aggrieved, but for any expenses of the Government of the United States which may attend their execution.

"You are at liberty to furnish a copy of this instruction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

Now, this letter reads very much like an ultimatum; and, while it states that the "United States stands committed to the principle of impartial arbitration," it also demands that the decision of an international arbitrator be annulled, because Mr. Olcott "appeared to have been denied" justice. That a broad-minded man like Mr. Hay could have written such a letter it is difficult to understand; but it must be remembered that this was written when he was very ill, just a few days before leaving on that vacation which preceded his death. During that illness, matters concerning the less important nations may have been left to subordinates, whose breadth of view may not have been as great as his own.

This letter was presented to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on March 19th, 1905, and on March 23rd the following reply was made:

"I limit myself to acknowledging the receipt of your Excellency's note of the 19th instant, and of the enclosure of his Excellency Mr. John Hay, of the 10th, because I believe, with good foundation, that the Venezuelan Government has in reality no pending questions with the Government of the United States, it being an evident fact, supported by every kind of evidence, that the Venezuelan Government arranged in Washington, by its protocols signed in 1903, the subjects that could be matters for discussion and that were decided by the mixed commission that afterward met in Caracas. As, on the other hand, one of the matters which is treated by his Excellency Mr. Hay is found contained in those decisions, which is the same as if we should say that it has already the potency of things adjudicated, and because the Venezuelan Government would consider it an offence to the honor of the Dutch umpire, Mr. Harry Barge, who decided the Olcott claim, acquiescence could not be given to such an unseasonable request without failing in the respect which is due to that which has been agreed upon, and it would be at the same time even a reason for believing that not even a new agreement, judgment or arbitration could be executed. So with the matter of the New York and Bermudez Company, his Excellency Mr. Hay ought to know that, by its nature, it is one of the cases that belong to the ordinary courts of the country, to which the laws now existing

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remit the case, and to which are subject all those of foreign nationality who come to reside or make contracts here. The provisional President of the Republic charges me, then, to say to your Excellency, in order that you may in turn communicate it to his Excellency Mr. John Hay, that this Government, in order to consider his note, needs to know at once and for the aforesaid reasons whether the matter in question relates to the sovereignty and independence of this Republic—that is to say, whether or not the Government of the United States respects and reveres the legislation of this Republic and the nobility of its tribunals, and whether it respects and reveres equally the agreements and arbitral decision which it, representing the Venezuelan Government, concluded."

These two letters deserve careful reading, for they well illustrate the attitude of each nation, not only on this particular point, but on other questions at issue. Venezuela's reply to the ultimatum evidently staggered the State Department, for the sending of war-vessels or complete silence was the only course left for the United States in such a situation. Whether Congress and the country at large would consider war-vessels justified when the facts were known was a question which no doubt the proper officials carefully considered. At any rate, the policy of complete silence was adopted, and it was two years before the Olcott claim again became a matter of diplomatic correspondence. On February 28th, 1907, Secretary Root wrote to our Minister, Mr. William W. Russell, a letter pressing five claims against Venezuela, of which one was the Orinoco Steamship Company claim. The argument submitted by Mr. Root for the reopening of this claim to arbitration was the able and exhaustive brief of a lawyer for his client, but it is too long to quote in full, as it would cover eight pages of the REVIEW. The extracts given here will show the line of argument:

"What the claimant now asks is the reëxamination of this award by a competent and impartial tribunal. To this reasonable request, that the case of the Orinoco Steamship Company be reopened, and that the case be submitted in its entirety to an impartial and international reëxamination, the Government of Venezuela presents as an objection the fact that this decision of the American-Venezuelan mixed commission on claims is final, and that to reconsider the decision of an arbitrating court would be equivalent to ignoring the force of such decision.

"To this there is an obvious and very reasonable reply, to wit: That a decree of an arbitrating court is only final when the court proceeds within the terms of the protocol which established the jurisdiction of the court, and that when such terms are ignored the decision is necessarily deprived of the right of final force. In this individual case,

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the protocol specifically said that 'the Commissioners, or in case they should not agree, the Arbitrator, shall decide all the claims upon a basis of absolute equity, without paying attention to objections of a technical character nor to the provisions of the local legislation.'

"The equity alluded to is clearly not the local equity, that is, not necessarily the equity of the United States nor the equity of Venezuela, but the spirit of justice applied to a particular question without attention to local statutes, regulations or interpretations. . . . It is difficult to see how the arbitrator could have more clearly ignored the most common principles of justice and equity. . . . The award of the arbitrator, therefore, which ignored these simple yet essential considerations, is in every respect unacceptable. He assumed, it is true, the jurisdiction; but the error which he made is so serious and evident that this Government cannot ask its fellow citizens to accept this award as final.

"Although the attention of Venezuela has been called several times to these arguments, and it has been courteously and trustingly requested to submit the case of the claimant in its entirety to reëxamination by a competent and impartial tribunal, the Venezuelan Government has briefly objected that the awards of the Commissioners, and in case that they should not agree, 'those of the Arbitrators, shall be final and conclusive.' At the very same time, and almost at the very moment that Venezuela declared the final force of the awards of the Commission, it was engaged in protesting against the Belgian and Mexican awards, although the protocols in conformity with which these two commissions were established stipulated that 'the decisions of the Commissioners, and in case they should not agree, those of the Arbitrators, shall be final and conclusive.' To a disinterested party it would seem, therefore, that the awards in favor of Venezuela are final and conclusive, but that awards adverse to her are not final nor absolutely conclusive. In this conflict between theory and practice this Government naturally invokes the practice of Venezuela. . . .

"In view, therefore, of the circumstances of the case and of the express violations of the terms of the protocols, or of errors in the final award arising from serious errors of law and of fact, and in the light of the history of both nations in the matter of arbitral awards, this Government insists upon the reopening and resubmission of the entire case of the Orinoco Steamship Company to an impartial and competent tribunal and confidently expects them."

Evidently, Venezuela did not see the advantage of submitting three new claims to arbitration coupled with a request for the rearbitration of an old claim already decided. It looked very much as if arbitration would be final only when the award was satisfactory to the United States. At any rate, under date of April 6th, 1907, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied through Mr. Russell, in part, as follows:

"Regarding the three other cases, called 'Jaurett,' 'Orinoco Steam-

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ship Company' and 'New York and Bermudez Company'—and to which might apply the statement contained in your Excellency's note, that they were reëxamined by the Government of the United States, who devoted considerable time to them in order to present them, as is done now, under a new and fuller light—I must call your Excellency's attention to the fact, most worthy of being taken into consideration, that these same three claims were the subject, towards the end of the year 1904 and until the month of March of the year 1905, of active negotiations on the part of your Excellency's predecessor, his Excellency Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the Government of Venezuela having maintained such decisions as it considered accorded with the protective principles of the sovereignty and independence of the Courts of Justice of the Republic, with its rights as a nation and with the strict observance of international covenants which were created by Mixed Commissions whose decisions, it was agreed, should be final and unappealable. The aforesaid diplomatic discussion ceased since the 23rd of March, 1905, on which date this Ministry replied to the note dated on the 19th of said month of the same year written by your Excellency's predecessor, his Excellency Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, which was accompanied by a copy of the instructions sent by his Excellency Mr. John Hay, then Secretary of State of your Excellency's Government.

"Since the aforesaid date, March 23rd, 1905, my Government had received no intimation from your Excellency's Government that it was its intention to insist upon the same claims which are now included in the enclosure accompanying your Excellency's note; for which reason it considered very properly that the diplomatic discussion about the same was closed.

"On their being again submitted by the Government of the United States, as your Excellency says, under a new and fuller light, my Government purposes to carefully consider the new phase of the three claims above mentioned."

Under date of April 23rd, 1907, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied at greater length on all five claims, and, referring to the Olcott claim (third point) he states:

"Regarding the second, third and fourth points, the Government of the United States is well aware that the questions involved in them have become '*choses jugées*,' and that the revision which is proposed in memorandum of the awards of the Venezuelan-American Mixed Commission in two of these matters, although it would finally be favorable to Venezuela, in view of the right which is on her side, it could not then be explained why there should not be a revision of all the awards of the Mixed Commission whereby Venezuela was sentenced contrary to her right which she maintained on various questions."

These replies of April 6th and 23rd were evidently not satisfactory to our State Department; for, under dates of July 9th

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and August 13th, 1907, Minister Russell requested that Venezuela give further and more careful consideration to the five questions brought up in Secretary Root's note of February 28th. To these requests Venezuela replied under dates of August 13th and 20th, maintaining her former position, and submitting arguments in greater detail. This ended, for a time at least, further diplomatic discussion on the five points at issue; but the claim of the Orinoco Steamship Company was again brought forward by the payment of the first instalment to the non-blockading Powers. In August, 1907, Venezuela, having paid off the claims of the blockading Powers, began to pay off the claims of the non-blockading Powers, allotting to each nation its proper percentage as determined by the various international arbitrators. Venezuela had protested against the Belgian and Mexican awards, on the ground that they were excessive and contrary to the spirit of equity and justice. Finding, however, that her protests were unavailing and that these two nations were unwilling to reopen the cases, Venezuela decided to make the best of a bad bargain, live up to her agreement and accept the decision of the arbitrators as final.

The attitude of the United States is shown in Minister Russell's note to the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs dated September 20th, 1907, in part as follows:

"Referring to my communication of the 16th inst., I have the honor to inform your Excellency that I have collected from the Bank of Venezuela the sum of Bs. 33,771.10, a payment for the month of August, 1907, on account of the sum due the United States under the awards of the Mixed Commission of 1903.

"In accepting this first instalment of the awards of the Mixed Commission of 1903, my Government instructs me to say that it insists upon a revision of the award in the case of the Orinoco Steamship Company, and that, pending final settlement of this question, no portion of any moneys which may be paid by Venezuela will be considered as paid on account of or applicable to that award."

The following day, September 21st, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied to Mr. Russell in part as follows:

"The Venezuelan Government is not concerned with the manner in which the amounts already received, and to be received, are applied by your Government, after they have been formally received and in the possession of your Excellency's Government. For the Government of Venezuela, it is sufficient, for the discharge of its liabilities, to pay to

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your Government the amounts awarded by the Venezuelan-American Mixed Commission, in order to comply with the terms of the protocols signed in Washington the 17th of February, 1903, and in conformity with the final judgment of the Hague Tribunal of the 22nd of February, 1903, ordering the Government of Venezuela to make the payments under the awards of the Mixed Commissions of 1903, to the non-blockading nations, after the claims of Germany, England and Italy had been paid.

"Your Excellency's receipt for the sum already mentioned is the proof that the Government of Venezuela, on its part, has complied with its obligation to distribute among the creditor nations, under all of the awards of the Mixed Commission, the monthly instalment to which the 30 per cent. of the entrances of the custom-houses of LaGuayra and Puerto Cabello amount, in the proportions that must be observed among the sums which compose the awards in favor of each, and in relation with the total amount of the awards of the several Commissions. . . .

"Your Excellency informs me that your Government insists on a revision of the award in the case of the 'Orinoco Steamship Company,' and considers as pending the definitive settlement of this question. . . .

"The Government of Venezuela thinks it proper, observing the insistence of your Government in this matter, to call the attention of your honorable Government to the context of the two notes of 24th and 26th of March, 1903, which his Excellency Mr. John Hay, then Secretary of State, addressed to his Excellency Señor don Rafael S. Lopez, Minister of Salvador, in reply to the memorandum of the said Minister, in which he solicited revision, or reconsideration, of the award given by Sir Henry Strong, and the Honorable Mr. Dickinson, in the case of the 'Salvador Commercial Company' and others against the Salvador Government.

"The said notes are as follows: 'Department of State, March 24th, 1903.—The undersigned, Secretary of State, has the honor to inform the Minister of Salvador, after due consideration of the Minister's memorandum of March 4th, 1903, that the Government of the United States finds therein no reason for altering the opinion heretofore expressed, that it has no power to revise or reopen the award made in the case of the "Salvador Commercial Company" *et al.* against the Government of Salvador. A failure to comply with the award would, moreover, involve a grave discourtesy to the eminent arbitrators who sat in this case, and a serious injury to the cause of arbitration.

"'The Government of the United States therefore expects compliance by the Government of Salvador with the terms of the Protocol of arbitration signed by her Executive and ratified by the National Assembly.

"'[Sgd.] JOHN HAY.'

"'Department of State, March 26th, 1903.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 24th inst., which has received consideration.

"'The Department does not consider the principles and authorities which you invoke in support of your contention that the award made by the Arbitrators, in the case of the "Salvador Commercial Company"

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et al. against the Government of Salvador is illegal and void, as in any wise applicable to the case. I perceive no ground to change the views expressed in my note of the 24th inst. As indicated in that note, this Government expects the Salvador Government to comply with the terms of the Protocol of arbitration. [Sgd.] JOHN HAY.'

"These laconic and final replies of his Excellency Mr. Hay, refusing absolutely to revise the Strong-Dickinson award, are presented to your Government by the Government of Venezuela, with all the authority they represent, bearing, as they do, the signature of the eminent statesman, who, by a strange coincidence, also signed the Protocol of February 17th, 1903, by which were submitted the claims of the Orinoco Steamship Co. and the Manoa Company, Limited, to the Commissioners, and in the case of their disagreement to an umpire to be selected by the Queen of Holland, stipulating that those awards would be definite and conclusive."

The reply of our State Department to this last note of Venezuela is awaited with a great deal of interest. While the Hague Conference decided that coercive measures, implying the use of military or naval forces, could be used if "the decision of the arbitrators is not fulfilled by the debtor nation," it provides no plan for dealing with a debtor nation which refuses a reopening but which fulfils the decision. Neither does it provide a plan for compelling a creditor nation to fulfil the decision. Apparently our Government must now send war-vessels and compel a reopening, or else it must drop the matter, after pursuing a policy which has done much to counteract the good effect of Secretary Root's recent visit to South America.

These quotations from official documents are more lengthy than is customary in an article of this kind; but, owing to conflicting statements in the press of the relations between the two nations, fairness to each demands that the public should have the privilege of reading the exact correspondence and judging accordingly. Careful reading undoubtedly indicates that our Government has refused to abide by the decision of an international arbitrator, and has practically gone to the point of ultimatums to force a reopening. Would such a course have been pursued against a stronger nation, and is our State Department justified in its action? It must be remembered that our Secretary of State, by virtue of his office, is to a certain extent the attorney of every American claimant, and should use every reasonable effort in his behalf. But is there not a point where he should cease to be the attorney and become

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the statesman? No doubt great pressure is brought to bear upon our State Department by the claimant and his friends; but, when our Government has brought about an international arbitration, it would seem that its duty between the claimant and the foreign nation has been fulfilled. By refusing to accept the award merely because the arbitrator's view of equity and justice are different from those of the claimant, or different from even those of the Secretary of State, our Government takes a position unworthy of a great nation. If an award be manifestly unjust, the evidence could be referred to Congress for investigation, and, if necessary, money appropriated to satisfy the claimant. Surely such a course is far better than discrediting international arbitration, as has been done in the case now under consideration.

It is quite true that the present system of international arbitration is unsatisfactory, that very often the arbitrator is chosen for personal or political reasons, and has little experience in the proceedings of international law. But each nation suffers equally, as witness Venezuela's contention that the awards against her in the Belgian and Mexican claims were excessive. While the arbitrator may not rank in experience and ability with the foremost judges of his nation, his decisions should nevertheless be respected unless fraud is proven, or unless, through friendly presentations, the injustice of the award is apparent to both nations, and a reopening is mutually agreeable. Instances in both these classes have occurred with our own Government. Apparently the only case which was reopened because the international arbitrator was proven corrupt was the controversy between Venezuela and the United States leading up to the appointment of the Commission of 1866. Venezuela protested against the awards, alleging that there was a conspiracy between the arbitrator, the American Minister and his brother-in-law, to collect a large percentage from the successful claimants. This charge was confirmed by Congressional investigation, and the claims were sent to a new commission. In two cases between Hayti and the United States, Hayti complained of the injustice of the awards, and the cases were reopened after Mr. Bayard, then Secretary of State, had satisfied himself that Hayti's protest was well founded. In the Salvador case cited in Venezuela's note of September 21st, 1907, Secretary Hay evidently considered that the protest was not well founded, and his action was con-

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clusive. When Belgium and Mexico refused to open the Venezuela awards their action was conclusive, for the cases had already been decided by the Court of Last Resort—International Arbitration.

At best, International Arbitration cannot be regarded as a perfect solution for the controversies between nations, any more than our courts afford a perfect solution for the controversies between individuals. Both are means of keeping the peace; and, although the decision is seldom satisfactory to the losing party, stability of government is insured and the people at large benefited, even though the individual may suffer. The decisions of our Supreme Court are often criticised; and sometimes in the most important cases, such as the income tax and Northern Securities, the Court is divided by five to four. And yet no one questions the ability and good faith of these judges, even though they may not agree among themselves as to the application of the principles of law, equity or justice. Such a celebrated international award as that of the "Alabama" claims had its critics; and a most exhaustive review of a noted English authority showed that the decision was contrary to the principles of international law. There are many intelligent Canadians who believe that in the Alaska boundary dispute the interests of Canada were deliberately sacrificed by the Chief Justice of England for the larger interests of the Empire. And yet England in the one case and Canada in the other accepted the award and made the best of it. Even Venezuela, although protesting against the Belgian and Mexican awards, is, nevertheless, paying them, thus setting an example which the United States might well follow.

No doubt, one of these days there will be established at The Hague, as advocated by our delegates, a permanent Court of Appeals, drawn from the best judicial talent of every nation—a tribunal which will command the respect and obedience of all nations. Meanwhile, unless fraud is alleged, the United States should set the example of abiding by the decision of international arbitration as at present constituted, no matter how crude the system, and find some other way of dealing with a claimant who is dissatisfied with an award than sending ultimatums to weaker nations. Otherwise, the impression will soon prevail that international arbitration is final only when the award is satisfactory to the stronger nation.

PHILIP WALTER HENRY.

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EXTEMPORANEOUS SOCIABILITY.

BY PRICE COLLIER.

THERE was published in a number of "The Nineteenth Century and After" of many months past a short article by Lord Ribblesdale on "The Art of Conversation." All that was in the article we do not remember. That there was a description therein of the methods of a certain friend of the writer who had attained to some distinction in London drawing-rooms as a conversationalist we remember very well. This gentleman, it seems, prepared himself for "tea-fights and muffin-scrambles," as we have heard them called in his country, and for other social functions of greater importance, where conversation was to be an element, by "cramming," much as does an undergraduate for an examination.

Lord Ribblesdale held this person up to ridicule, laughed at his stores of neatly assorted anecdotes, pooh-poohed at his collection of old magazine articles, and in general scoffed at the notion of preparation for sociability.

To those, however, who are much dined and teaed, and drawn often into the social labyrinths where conversation obtains as the only thread by which escape is possible, the thought of preparation, at least on the part of other people, comes as a very welcome suggestion. When a man goes to another man's house as a guest, he usually prepares himself as to everything except his mind. But he goes ofttimes as a whited sepulchre intellectually, cleansed and shining without, dull, tired, and full of the wickedness and ravening of small worries within. Nor is he in the least conscience-stricken at going thus mentally naked into the presence of his friends. Just why one should not take fifteen minutes or half an hour to collect one's self, and to prepare to drop honey here and salt there, and thus do one's share at feast or function, does not clearly appear.

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If men and women were so constituted that the businesses of life could go on interminably, and thus be the staple product of conversation whenever they meet together, it were well enough to trust to "shop" for all one's social needs. But this is not so. Not even in the case of men whose pursuits are intellectual, is one sufficient unto one's self. Ben Jonson writes:

> "I am no such pil'd cynique to believe
> That beggarie is the only happiness,
> Or with a number of those patient fooles
> To sing, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'"

It is not merely agreeable to have change and rest, it is a necessity of human existence; and wherever and whenever man or woman lifts the conversational curtain upon a new scene, or provides a new sketch of life, or leads one beside the still waters or into pastures new and fresh, there is an impetus given to life; and of the innumerable ways in which such inspiration may spend itself for the good of humanity, no one can determine to the full extent. It may not seem an heroic part to play, but wielding a sword is not so efficacious in a case of fainting, as waving a fan. Just to give a little freshness to the social air is often enough to do a very good deed in a very tired world. No one need be ashamed, therefore, we hold, to give himself a little private coaching with this end in view.

Unprepared, the beasts rush at their meals to rend and tear, to chew and swallow; but this is neither proper nor wholesome for men and women. And yet, in some households the gathering together about the table or in the drawing-room is a sullen, silent affair, no one feeling responsibility for cheerfulness; and, in consequence, the clouds and thick darkness of ill-humor settle down without a flash of social lightning, or a gleam of conversational sunshine, to break the dull dripping of the monotonous shower. We remember very distinctly, on the other hand, an establishment where from ten to fifteen members of a large family came together daily at the table, and where it would have been a mark of infamy almost upon each one not to make an effort to add to the general fund of conversation. They were busy people too,—the men busy with affairs, often of large dimensions; the women busy with the cares of a large establishment and the demands of a widely varied social life. They all had cares and disappointments, and some of them had very real sorrows; but, when they met together,

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they were prepared to give, each one something, towards the promotion of the common happiness. Where had this one been during the day, what had that one done, what had been seen or read, what was on foot for the morrow, how had the new "hack" behaved on the road, and the like,—trifles light as air, but showing the endeavor of each one to lend to the other, and to meet as men and women, and not as brutes.

Indeed, this is the heart of true culture. "Information is the raw material of culture, sympathy, its subtlest essence." It is always a mark of culture, of the people who are well bred and of wide experience, that they take it for granted that there is in every life much that is hard to bear, much that breeds tears and sighs, and, therefore, they leave such matters on one side, and do loyally what they can to alleviate the wounds and worries of existence, even when they are not made visible or audible. This is the self-control of culture. The beast moans and gulps, and advertises his pains everywhere and whenever he feels hurt by them. That is why one feels that there was something of the "cad" about Byron and Shelley; while Scott, with tremendous stress and strain of physical and mental pain upon him, seems like a rare example of the finely bred gentleman, bearing much, bellowing not at all.

There is opportunity here for many people who are going far afield for some showy task to do. Why not be a knight or a lady of conversation, and take vows of self-control, gentleness, and affability, and organize, if you please, a brotherhood or sisterhood at the other extreme to the Trappists, vowed to perpetual conversational good humor? How different that next to the last dinner would have been had the old lady on our right belonged to such a sisterhood, and had she, therefore, kept her domestic misfortunes to herself, and not attempted to ride through course after course on the hard-trotting old hack of the family skeleton, spurred on by silly self-consciousness! Or that last dinner, where we gasped the last newspaper editorials about men and their manners, and war in Europe, at one another, and paddled home through the rain, with "stupid," in the dust and ashes of unprepared chatter, spelled out on our wrinkled brows!

Surely, no one need be ashamed to gather together his wits, and to make preparation to sit with his fellows for an hour or two, giving them something of interest, and ready to receive intelligently what they have to give in return. Even an old magazine

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article—sufficiently, discreetly old—is better than the dregs of the day's business; and a comment on one's reading, or an abbreviated sketch of personal experience, may be a cup of cold water to men and women thirsty and dusty with their own tasks and trials.

It may, perhaps, be answered to a plea for social preparation that this cannot be altogether a matter of duty or even of personal training; that it is one of the finer arts, and so requires an aptitude, a gift in that special direction. But we are not pleading for brilliancy, but for sunshine. It is nature to communicate one's self; it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given. It is within the possibilities of all men and women, of any social experience whatever, to keep themselves in the humor "to receive what is communicated as it is given," even if they feel themselves incompetent to furnish original matter; and, as for that, originality itself is generally only the enthusiastic discovery of old things. To come to a subject, with gracious willingness to get something out of it for one's self, and others, is often to surprise one's self, and the company also, with discoveries. "*Le choix des pensées est invention;*" and even a psalm-tune may lend itself to the exigencies of the dancer, if the performer's pulse be beating to waltz-time. The preparation of a willing heart is not a matter of exceptional ability, but of sympathetic interest. It is by no means to play a minor rôle to take that part in a general conversation which Mme. Necker assigns to women, when she writes: "*Les femmes tiennent dans la conversation la place de ces légers douvets qu'on introduit dans les caisses de porcelaine: on n'y fait point d'attention mais si on les retire, tout se brise.*" To assent graciously is more persuasive than to proclaim lustily, and often the passive part in a conversation has an influence as powerful as the active part of talking.

Indeed, nothing is more fatal to the general enjoyment of any sort of sociability than to have present an irresponsible soloist. "Ah, yes," said Sydney Smith, when some one was speaking of the sesquipedalian sententiousness, and the haughty assumption of leadership in the conversation, of Macaulay, "it is true that he overflows with wit and wisdom, and then he stands in the slops." This kind of preparation is neither needed nor wanted.

There is, however, a difference between the purely extemporaneous sociability of which we complain, and the peacock who has come prepared to spread his conversational tail as a canopy

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over the whole party, and who sulks and is unhappy if his variegated display is not accepted as the sole subject of comment and admiration. Conversation is not preaching. Not infrequently, however, at a dinner or social affair of whatever kind where no "set piece" is provided for the amusement of the guests, one finds, especially among public men, those not content with what may properly be termed "conversation"; their eyes wander about, looking for an audience or for a "waiting congregation," as though to talk to one's immediate neighbors were a waste of ammunition. They watch for an opportunity to get the attention of all at the table or in the drawing-room before they consent to give their comment, or tale, or criticism. These dinner-table bullies are almost the nuisance *par excellence* of social life, and they are largely at fault in making it impossible to have a general contribution to the evening's entertainment. And when your dinner-table bully is also an anecdotalist, and a mountebank, then is one doomed to feel that he is suffering in that chamber of purgatory which is, we believe, the very next one to that where one is condemned to sit and listen to amateur elocution for charity's sake, which chamber is always pervaded by an odor of sulphur, so near is it to the imagination's infernal regions.

With the anecdotalist, one tale leads to another; and ere long no allusion, no plain statement of fact, no distressing private affliction, no public calamity, but what goes into this professional social prestidigitator's hat, to come out with the introduction, "Oh, that reminds me!" followed by an anecdote. We smile amiably; we laugh perhaps (we so often do that in the world, when we are very sad); we perjure ourselves with protestations that "we have never heard it before;" and, after a few stories, we wish that we could pay a little something and go home.

It is bad enough that the speaking at public dinners should consist so largely of the telling of irrelevant, inconsequent stories, strung one upon another without rhyme or reason; reminding one, by their entire lack of logical sequence, of the *burdens* in certain of the pre-Raphaelite poetry. But in private houses there is no explanation this side of lack of breeding, why a man should domineer by mere fecundity of memory and facility of tongue, and be allowed to spread the spoils of his anecdotal body-snatching before an imprisoned company. It is for the clown to excite the company into guffaws; it is for the professional, paid entertainer

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to make his host's guests laugh; but it remains for the gentleman "to receive what is communicated as it is given," and to employ his talents for the graceful expression, not only of the unusual, but, if need be, of the commonplace.

It has been said by Goethe that "no one would talk much in society if he knew how often he misunderstood others." And, surely, if this be his disappointed conclusion, there can be little doubt of the value of prepared listening, and sympathetic attention. Perhaps the most distinctive mark of extemporaneous sociability is the tendency to be ill at ease when one is not one's self speaking *ex cathedrâ* and compelling a certain focusing of attention upon one's self. This is the great joy of the anecdotalist; it is also the personal pleasure of the specialist—the specialist, he who comes unprepared, except to exploit his technical wisdom. It may be politics, it may be Kamchatkan geography, it may be horseflesh; but, in any case, it must be of very limited interest to the majority. If the anecdotalist be the social bully, the specialist is the social butcher. He hacks and cuts his way through the disinclination and weariness of the company. A few large and vaguely understood technical words play the part of the German allies at the social Waterloo, and St. Helena seems to the others not so bad if one could be transported thither at once.

At first sight, abundance of talk may seem like preparation; but this is not true. Preparation gives one self-control, and keeps a man in mind of the fact that, though silence is *l'esprit* of the silly, it is also one of the virtues of the wise. Conversation in the small companies of social life is first to express one's self, but its hardly less important office is to tempt others to do the same; and this is accomplished neither, on the one hand, by a profusion of personal proclamations, nor, on the other hand, by supine acquiescence. It is perhaps more often true of women than of men, that they conceive affability to be concession. At any rate, it is not unusual to find a hostess busying herself with attempts to agree with all that is said, with the idea that she is thereby doing homage to the effeminate categorical imperative of etiquette, when in reality nothing becomes more quickly tiresome than incessant affirmatives, no matter how pleasantly they be modulated. Nor can one avoid one of two conclusions when one's talk is thus negligently agreed to: either the speaker is confining himself entirely to uncontradictable platitudes, or the listener has no mind

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of her own; and in either case silence were golden. In this connection, it is well to recall the really brilliant epigram of the Abbé de Saint-Réal, that "*On s'ennuie presque toujours avec ceux que l'on ennuie.*" For not even a lover can fail to be bored at last by the constant lassitude of assent expressing itself in twin sentiments to his own. "Coquetting with an echo," Carlyle called it. For though it may make a man feel mentally masterful at first, it makes him feel mentally maudlin at last; and, as the Abbé says, to be bored one's self is a sure sign that one's companion is also weary.

One turns about, after enumerating the faults of extemporaneous sociability, to find a social life where men and women meet together with comfort and with refreshment to themselves.

It is impossible in this connection not to recall the golden days of the French salons. One sees the dainty abbés gliding about clad in soutane and softly shod, to whom the world owed more for bodies than heaven for souls; the *petits maîtres,* whose every speech was an epigram; the *marquises,*

> "Quick at verbal point and parry,
> Clever, doubtless, but to marry,
> No, Marquise!"

Those were the days of the apotheosis of talk; but days when culture was criticism, and when literary creation had the dry rot. History is settled forever in the twinkling of a fan; theology is rounded to an epigram; philosophy is a pretty firework with a cascade of sparks. Surely this is no proper model, nor is it even a possible social life in these democratic days, when the real aristocrat is, as he should be, the best democrat. It is hollow and artificial; it is prepared sociability gone mad. Life and reality are out of the race. Everything is so dry and flimsy that a spark sets fire to it all, and there follows the conflagration of the revolution. We would not have this if we could; still less would we have again the kind of men and women that make a revolution, if not altogether excusable, at least not to be altogether lamented now that it is irrevocable.

But there is no need to go to seek for models of a pleasant social life. It could only, at best, make the student self-conscious, and that of itself would render him useless for our purpose. It is quite sufficient to remember, in order to take one's proper part, that, at least in this department of sociology, the good of the

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greatest number is that which is most to be desired. The meeting together is not a permanent arrangement, nor has it a didactic purpose; and, therefore, a declaration of principles, or a prolonged and stubborn defence of those prejudices that we often mistake for our principles, is not incumbent upon even the youngest of us. The state, the church, the home, must be founded upon certain prescribed rules and certain fixed principles; but, when we meet together, coming from different states, different churches, and different homes, we must needs efface ourselves as citizens from a province, and enroll ourselves as charitably cosmopolitan. We come together, not to combat, but to share, one another's interests; not to promulgate our own views, but to tempt others to the expression of theirs; not as erinaceous propagandists, but as gentle lovers of our kind. It is because simplicity of life is so difficult that simplicity of speech and simplicity of manners are so hard to obtain. The bully in matters ecclesiastical, the specialist in affairs political, the tyrant in the home, leaves each his coign of vantage to find himself awkward, if he be not permitted to play the same *rôle* at the dinner or in the drawing-room.

Back behind manners and speech and the formal courtesies of great or small companies is the life of the man; and "neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." Charity must begin at home, or it will not continue into the company of one's fellows. Men and women can improvise, at a pinch, passable manners and polite speech; but, where the social exigency requires that they be together for three or four hours, the bucket must be sent down into the conversational well a good many times, and the contents are sure to reveal whether or no the water of life be sweet and cool.

> *"Aevo rarissima nostro*
> *Simplicitas!"*

sighs Ovid of his own time, and we can but repeat it now. If men prinked and prated, and women were self-conscious then, what must be said of men and women to-day? What must be said of a social life of which the very speech itself, the very instrument of social intercourse, is an affected misplacing of broad "a's" in effeminate imitation of a people the damp blanket of whose climate has made gutturalness a laryngeal necessity? Or what can be said of a social life of which New York's Columbus of etiquette was wont

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to say that its dimensions are not a question of breeding, of intellectual training, or of wealth, but of multiples of ten? Surely one may be permitted to plead against extemporaneous sociability here, if these slanderous insinuations be true. Surely he who is interested to make life easier, and to make men and women happier, and who holds that

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,"

must see the value of giving attention to the mere mechanism, even, of our meeting together, so that we may escape the danger of permitting our social life to be a mere herding together on the one hand, or a series of Dresden china tableaux on the other.

There need be no fear that thus to prepare to go into the company of one's fellows will defeat its own end. It is the athlete who is thoroughly trained who most enjoys the scamper across country. It is the workman who is best prepared by long years of apprenticeship who—pen, or brush, or chisel in hand—goes at his task with keenest relish. And if sociability be dignified to the extent of giving it a place among the arts, even then there is more than ever reason why men should prepare themselves, if they would enjoy it to the utmost, and make others enjoy it as well.

It might be well enough as a bit of literary burlesque to suggest certain mechanical contrivances by means of which one may appear to be prepared for social intercourse; but no serious student of mankind would thus indulge himself. One man's meat is another man's poison; one woman's charm is another woman's affectation; and it is therefore impossible to do more than to describe the need, and then leave the remedy to the ingenuity and the good feeling of each one. All painters need not paint alike; but all must needs be honest. All writers need not provide themselves with a given style; but all must have distinct purposes and mental rectitude. So all men and women will find different methods best adapted to them, and will by natural endowments select to play different tunes upon the social instrument; but all will find honesty and charity and simplicity absolutely essential. We are never so grossly mistaken as when we think we know what others think of us; and the less attention we give to that kind of curiosity, and the more we strive to our own selves to be true, the less shall we need to fear either weariness for ourselves or *ennui* for others when we meet.

PRICE COLLIER.

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THE PANIC AT NEW YORK.

BY A. D. NOYES.

By common consent of both home and foreign observers, the "bank panic" which raged in New York toward the end of October surpassed, in respect to violence and magnitude, anything of the sort previously witnessed on any market of the world. This does not necessarily mean that the wreck of credit, confidence and prosperity in a larger sense, such as is usually associated with financial panics, is now or is likely hereafter to be serious in proportion. On the contrary, general judgment is that the business situation is fundamentally sound, that the extraordinary events of the recent weeks have been confined, in a peculiar way, to Wall Street, to the banks and other institutions which serve Wall Street, and indirectly to the country's banking system as a whole.

What is meant, when it is said that the panic itself was of so unusual and portentous a magnitude, is that the transactions involved in the run of depositors upon trust companies and banks and in the measures of relief surpassed all precedent. It has been generally estimated that upwards of $40,000,000 was actually paid out over the counter by the two trust companies on which the run particularly converged. So enormous was this demand, and so persistent was its continuance, that the sum, approximately, of $40,000,000 cash deposited by the Treasury with the New York banks was practically all swallowed up in providing these companies with the cash requisite to meet such demands. It might be added that the number of depositors actually in line at the climax of the run, on Thursday, October 24th, was greater than in any episode of the kind of which we have any record, and that men of long experience in the vicissitudes of banking cannot recall a single precedent in which an institution has stood up for three days, as the two trust companies did, against a con-

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tinuous and unabating run, without either restoring confidence or closing its doors.

First, a word as to exactly what were the events of this extraordinary episode. Although it was far from being imagined at the time that such consequences were in store, the trouble really began on October 15th and 16th, when the difficulties of the Mercantile National Bank reached a crisis. To those who simply read the account of that episode, it appeared like an ordinary incident in New York finance. The stock of the United Copper Company, which had declined for some time very heavily on account of the fall in the metal's price, suddenly seemed, in that week, to have been cornered. On the curb, where dealings in it are conducted, the price shot up in a few days from 37 to 60; it then became known that a young copper operator, the largest owner of the property, had attempted to corner what he believed to be a "bear" interest, which had sold the stock short and which he did not suppose to be able to deliver the actual shares if they were called for. The plan of a corner went astray; the stock was actually delivered, and the brokers immediately engaged in the operation for the rise, unable to pay for the stock delivered, suspended payments.

No one dreamed for a moment of associating these events with a coming Wall Street panic, since the stock was not actively dealt in or largely held by Wall Street or the public, and since such things occur at frequent intervals without creating more than a ripple of excitement. In a quiet way, however, it soon developed that the Mercantile National Bank, which was also under the control of the copper operator referred to, had been backing the operations in United Copper and was financially embarrassed as a result of it. According to the usual rule, the bank applied to the other banks of the New York Clearing House for help. The committee of that institution examined the Mercantile's books; and, finding the institution solvent at bottom, arranged for the advancing of sufficient sums to it by other banks to tide it over its difficulties.

So far, the general public took slight interest in the matter. On Monday night, October 21st, however, application was unexpectedly made for help to the same associated bankers by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the third largest institution of that class in New York City. Apparently, it had become em-

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barrassed in somewhat the same way as the Mercantile National Bank; at all events, when its books were opened to the committee of bankers called to examine it, the committee did not find its assets in such condition as to warrant them in granting help. How far this was due to loose banking methods on the part of the institution, and how far to actual impairment of its securities, is not likely to be fully known until the receivers now in charge of the Knickerbocker make their report. A run of depositors on the institution began the ensuing morning, and was followed promptly by the closing of its doors. By this time, the public mind appeared to have taken alarm; on the ensuing day, October 23rd, the Trust Company of America, another of the largest institutions of the sort in New York City, having been recklessly named by a morning paper as being in trouble, was besieged by its depositors. Most unfortunately, the announcement of the Knickerbocker's troubles of the day before had been coupled with assurances that abundant relief would be provided under the auspices of powerful international bankers. These assurances were wholly without warrant, as was shown by the company's suspension. But the evil result of this part of the incident was that, when similar assurancess were made, with abundant justification, in the case of the Trust Company of America, no one believed them. Repeated statements that $15,000,000 or more in cash would be placed at the institution's disposal were received by depositors with incredulity; the run began in force at the Company's main office and at all its branches, and continued from Wednesday morning until the close of business at noon on Saturday.

Meantime, the Lincoln Trust Company, regarding whose soundness no hint or rumor was made by any one conversant with the facts, found itself face to face with a similar run, caused apparently by the mere fact that it served the same class of depositors as the Knickerbocker and the America. This was the real beginning of the panic. From the day when the run on the Trust Company of America became serious up to the close of the week, runs on one or another bank or trust company in New York broke out in all directions. The senseless panic which at such times seizes on depositors, the contagious fear that, if they did not get their actual money quickly, they would be unable to get it at all, so far affected the public at large that few institu-

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tions wholly escaped its influence. Early in the week, and long before the dozen or so minor banking failures which occurred on October 23rd and 24th, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose available cash balance amounted then to more than $100,000,000, came to New York, announcing promptly that he would deposit Government funds with entire freedom in New York banks, on the collateral approved by law, thus equipping them to deal with the unreasoning panic. During the week, he placed an amount not far from $40,000,000 of actual cash with national banks in New York City, taking from them as collateral such securities as were authorized in last year's Aldrich Act. This enormous sum of money was turned over by the banks on their own account, presumably in the form of loans, to the two beleaguered trust companies, which were thus and only thus able to make stand against the amazing run of depositors upon them.

The astonishing fact about this panic outbreak was the slowness with which these measures, designed to meet the panic, had effect. This part of the phenomenon is not wholly easy to explain. It failed to follow what had previously been regarded as the normal and invariable precedent in the history of bank runs. Before the week was over, public disturbance had grown so greatly as to create uneasiness, as to maintenance of payment, on the part of dozens of perfectly solvent institutions. It must be remembered that a very considerable part of the cash thus withdrawn from the trust companies and the banks was locked up by the depositors in safe-deposit vaults, thereby disappearing completely from circulation. Nor was this all; for, as always happens on occasions of this sort, interior banks which carry large balances at New York began to call home their money. Remittances of this sort during the week ran as high as $14,000,000, while $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 in the crop-moving period has hitherto been regarded as unusually large.

This will explain the situation created toward the close of the week, when the maintenance of cash reserves became a matter of abnormal difficulty to all banks, and of flat impossibility to many.

Into the details of this part of the episode it is unnecesary to go further. The New York bank statement issued on Saturday, October 26th, showed that these institutions, notwithstanding the fact that the run of depositors had converged not at all upon

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them, but upon the trust companies, had lost in the week no less a sum than $12,900,000, and that a surplus of $11,000,000, a week before, over the 25 per cent. reserve required by law, had been replaced by a deficit of $1,200,000. The point of real importance was that a sum of upwards of $20,000,000 cash had disappeared from the channels of New York circulation in the compass of three days, and had disappeared as completely as if it had been engulfed in an earthquake. The incidents which marked the close of the extraordinary week, the arrangement of the Clearing House banks to assist one another, where necessary, through use of the Clearing House loan certificate plan familiar in all preceding panics, and eventually the breaking of the deadlock which had occurred in foreign exchange, and the engagement of large sums of gold in London for relief of the New York market, were the sequel. It is through these two expedients that all previous severe panics in the history of New York have been met and conquered, and there is not the slightest cause for doubt that they will be effective in dealing with the present situation.

It need only be remarked, in concluding this preliminary description of the episode, that the Stock Exchange was for a time, on Thursday, October 24th, confronted with imminent panic of the most formidable sort, brokers being completely unable to procure from banks the money requisite to meet their mutual engagements. This grave possibility was averted through the drawing on their legally required 25 per cent. cash reserve by the New York banks, and through the effective appeal to London's capital. During the whole of this episode, Mr. J. P. Morgan was in command of the banking forces, his personal prestige and powerful influence over other bankers going far toward insuring united action. The relief which finally came through London was, it may be observed, rendered readily feasible, first, by the fact that, with stocks selling down at bargain figures, Europe bought them in quantity, and that, by a fortunate coincidence, the world's wheat trade situation, with shortage in Europe's crops, was so great as to make appeal to America for wheat on an unusual scale imperative.

When, however, all these superficial incidents of the October panic of 1907 have been considered, it remains to ask how such a state of things could possibly have come about, and why, in this period of admitted American prosperity, the outburst of panic

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fright should have taken such formidable proportions. To such an inquiry there are several answers. One has to do with the warning sounded in the financial markets during many months, to the effect that the whole world's demands on capital had passed beyond available supplies. This somewhat technical statement of the case means simply that, in the unprecedentedly rapid expansion of the world at large, and notably in America and Germany, neither the stored-up wealth of banks and individuals, nor the credit which institutions could base upon that wealth, was sufficient to conduct it. This situation has for months past been accepted as the true cause of the abnormally heavy decline on the Stock Exchange at New York especially; withdrawal of capital from speculative markets of that sort being the line of least resistance toward provision of requisite supplies for general industry. It will readily be seen that a situation of this sort must, at least in some degree, complicate such a situation as arose in New York in October—if, indeed, it did not cause it, to the extent that facilities on which ill-judged financial undertakings had been carried were of necessity withdrawn, thus forcing the downfall of the financial exploits themselves and, in some cases, of the institutions which had backed them.

This consideration, however, cannot be deemed wholly satisfactory as explaining why the New York crisis should have developed with such amazing violence, and, in particular, why the public's panic should have been so unprecedented. For this phenomenon, it is imposible to ignore the fact that a partial explanation is to be found in the public mind through certain financial scandals of the past few years, and particularly of a few weeks immediately preceding the panic. That the life-insurance episode profoundly impressed the American people with a feeling of distrust towards capitalists in conspicuous positions, and that the recent exposures in the street-railway investigation deepened the impression, it is impossible to deny. Treating the recent panic from a purely psychological point of view, one must admit that the public mind was itself in an abnormal state, that responsibility for such conditions lies at the door of men who had given cause for such feeling in their own case, and that the outbreak of absolute distrust of banking institutions as a whole, which certainly seemed for a day or two to characterize this New York panic, was a not wholly unnatural result.

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When this is said, however, there remain two other considerations which must be briefly mentioned. First, is the fact that trust companies, on which class of institutions the storm broke most fiercely, have themselves prepared the way for an episode of the kind by the ill-guarded position in which they have maintained themselves. Not to go at too great length into a somewhat technical question of this sort, it must be pointed out that a great number of these institutions, chartered and organized under a law which contemplated merely a business in which the bank would replace an individual trustee, had gone beyond that field and passed into the general deposit banking business on a scale which even the banks of New York had not reached a generation ago.

In doing this general banking business, the companies did not overstep the letter of the law; that they overstepped its spirit is contended by a very great part of the conservative banking community; in particular, the statute under which they operated not only surrounded depositors' money with imperfect restrictions as to the carrying of a cash reserve, but allowed the trust companies to enter fields, such as real-estate operations, which the law for deposit banks very properly denies to those institutions. So long as the financial skies were clear, all this went well enough; it was when the storm broke on the heads of these companies that they had to learn the lesson which the deposit banks learned fifty years ago. It is quite impossible that this episode should pass by without bringing the public and the Legislature face to face with the necessity for revision of the law.

President Roosevelt's speeches and policies have been frequently cited as a contributory cause. That Mr. Roosevelt will suffer politically from this panic episode no experienced student of history can doubt. Reaping the benefit and enjoying the prestige of the "boom times" from 1901 to the present year, which were due to underlying facts which he and his policies neither controlled nor caused, it is inevitable, and politically speaking it is just, that his prestige should suffer when the times have changed. The history of popular government is remorseless in its exaction of this penalty; the powers that be, to which are ascribed the prestige of the prosperity which happened to surround their term of office, must be equally prepared to be

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loaded with obloquy when business conditions change. But that President Roosevelt's policies or speeches actually caused the financial collapse of October is a stretch of inference comparable, in my judgment, to that which placed on President Cleveland the personal responsibility for causing the panic of 1893. With the world-wide strain on capital, which forced the Bank of England's abnormal 6 per cent. rate last year, and which caused financial collapse in Holland and grave financial disorder at Berlin, before the New York crash; with the distrust instilled in the public mind by revelations of breach of trust by managers of great corporations; and with the unsound banking law and unsound banking practices which were the immediate cause for the breakdown in New York City, Mr. Roosevelt had no more to do than Mr. Cleveland had to do with the failure of the rotten farm-mortgage companies of fourteen years ago and the run of depositors on the Western "chain of banks." That his very recent speeches were indiscreet, in the sense that all needless agitation, at so critical a juncture, should have been avoided, appears to me incontestable. But they did not cause the panic.

Whether the fact that the "boom" of 1901, the furious speculation for the rise which culminated in that extraordinary April, and the plunge of the general public on an unprecedented scale into operations of the sort, was not in a certain way a forerunner of an equally violent psychological reaction in the fulness of time, is an interesting question. Certainly the financial phenomena of the past half-dozen years, in the United States and in the world at large, have been repeatedly described as breaking all precedents in history, and precedent might with some logic have been similarly broken in the violence of this first real reckoning with the bank depositor since the boom of 1901.

A. D. Noyes.

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OUR COAST DEFENCES.

BY GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL.

THE Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps have hitherto constituted the military establishment of the United States, and with the character and functions of these arms of the military service all intelligent Americans are familiar; but there is a new grand division of the national defences of which there is less general knowledge, and yet so rapidly has it developed that the last Congress, by an enactment which will take effect on July 1st, 1908, converted it into a distinct corps, separate in all but administrative organization from the mobile army. This is the Coast Defence Artillery, a purely defensive unit in the military establishment, characterized by its immobility and by the immensity of its responsibility as the defender of the great seaboard cities, and the protector of the shipping in the ample harbors which indent our 5,500 miles of coast line. On its efficiency depends not only the safety of the great financial centres along the coasts, with their millions of lives and billions of treasure, but the effectiveness of the navy, which, only when it is relieved of defence duty, can perform its natural function—aggressive service against an enemy's fleet.

Following the Civil War, at which time the coast defences of the United States were excelled by those of no civilized nation, this branch of the military establishment was seriously neglected; and it was not until the creation of the Endicott Board, in 1885, that any serious attempt was made to replace with modern guns the obsolete fortifications and the antiquated smooth-bore, muzzle-loading guns which had been installed in the sixties, and which the development of naval armament and ordnance had rendered worse than useless. But, while the Endicott Board prepared plans for the modernization and extension of this division of

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the national defence, Congress failed to appreciate the importance of its work; and it was not until war with Spain seemed inevitable and the fancied menace of an attack by a Spanish fleet, in 1898, threw the inhabitants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other Atlantic Coast cities into a state of mind bordering on panic, that the national legislature began in earnest to provide for the coasts and harbors of the United States anything approaching a modern and effective system of defences.

Annual appropriations for the fortification of the coasts and harbors, which had averaged about $1,250,000 up to 1896, jumped to $5,500,000 in 1897, to $18,250,000 in 1898, and to $10,800,000 in 1899; and, since then, they have never returned to the wholly inadequate figures of the years immediately preceding. With additional funds, expended under the judicious and far-seeing supervision of Elihu Root and William H. Taft, and with enlarged personnel, the coast defences have now been brought to a state of efficiency never before attained; while the refinement of scientific and mathematical precision and the highly specialized paraphernalia which characterize this service have rendered its intricate workings almost an enigma to the officer who has not made it his profession; and even its enlisted men partake more largely of the character of skilled artisans than any other class in the military organization, with the possible exception of the navy engineers. The men, trained by long practice in particular harbors and fortifications, no two of which are the same, can perform the most effective service in the surroundings with which they are familiar; and the necessity of the continuous presence of this force of "home defenders" has demonstrated to the satisfaction, not only of the military authorities, but of Congress, the impracticability of longer maintaining the Coast Defence Artillery as an integral part of the mobile army, whose chief function is mobilization and concentration at such point or points as are most susceptible of attack or most available for offensive tactics. In the Spanish War, the scene of activities was in Cuba, and thither the mobile army was hastened with all possible speed, while along the Cuban coast was concentrated the most powerful fleet of the navy—and this, despite the popular belief that a Spanish fleet menaced the Atlantic seaboard. But the duty of the Coast Defence Artillery, rendered more arduous and responsible by the absence of army and fleet, continued to

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be the manning of the seaboard fortifications and the development of the highest possible degree of effectiveness at home.

Out of the specialization of its active service and the contrasting character of its war-time duties, has grown the necessity of separating the Coast Defence Artillery from the mobile army; while its development in importance of function and in effectiveness points the way to its further organization as a wholly independent corps, receiving its orders directly from the Secretary of War or from the Secretary of the Navy, as may later be determined, dependent on the existing organization of the army, or navy, only for its ordnance and ammunition, and for the construction of the fortifications which it is to man.

Thus complete in its organization, when the alarm of war sounds through the nation, and infantry and cavalry and field-artillery are sent hurrying to the various points of concentration, the Coast Defence Artillery, a complete unit in itself, will merely man its great guns and fire-control stations, mine its harbors and polish its search-lights, and await the coming of the enemy at every important inlet on the coast.

There were no coast defences, properly speaking, when the Spanish War broke out. The forts consisted of handsome cut-stone structures, massive in appearance and formidable in their architectural outlines, whose stone walls and parapets, because of their splintering capacity, would have constituted under the fire of modern naval ordnance a greater menace to the men behind the breastworks than the shot and shell of the attacking fleet. Their armament consisted of smooth-bore, muzzle-loading guns, wholly ineffective against the armor of a modern battle-ship, or even a protected cruiser. To load them, each gun crew would be compelled to stand out in full view of the enemy for from three to four minutes, as it rammed home the charge and projectile, while the rapid-fire guns in the enemy's topmasts raked them with withering fire. A few of the old smooth-bore guns had been "converted" by the insertion of rifled inner tubes, but even these would have caused little anxiety to the foe.

But the plans of the Endicott and Taft Boards on Fortifications and the temporary liberality of Congress have changed all this. The old stone forts still stand, but merely as monuments of the past. Instead, there have been constructed great embankments of sand, lined with concrete, behind which are placed

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batteries consisting of two 12-inch breech-loading guns mounted on disappearing carriages, with which the gun is elevated above the ramparts at the moment of firing, and by its own recoil is forced back to its original position for reloading; thus is effected the protection of the entire gun crew, with the exception of a single "pointer," from the direct fire of the enemy. These are supplemented with mortar batteries, consisting of eight 12-inch mortars—usually mounted in pits, wholly out of sight of the enemy—which are fired in salvos, discharged at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees, sending eight 1,000-pound high-explosive shells a distance of perhaps two miles into the air and dropping them with almost incredible accuracy on the decks of the enemy's fleet, where even the most modern battle-ship carries an armor of not more than six inches. As an additional menace to the invading fleet, there has been provided the submarine mine system, with which attack is made on the war-ship's bottom, where, too, the armor is wholly absent or incomparably more vulnerable than on the freeboard and turrets. These mines, which are exploded by contact, or by an electric spark flashed to their interior by the officer in command, when, in his judgment, a vessel has come within the proper range, contain vast quantities of high explosives, the deadly effect of which was well attested in the recent Russo-Japanese war. The details of the mines used by the Coast Defence Artillery are guarded from publicity, but that they are of the most effective character the nation may rest assured.

To protect the mine-fields and repel landing parties, the fortifications are equipped with 3-inch and 6-inch rapid-fire guns using respectively a 15-pound and a 106-pound projectile, which can do effective work at the rate of from 10 to 15 shots a minute. The 6-inch projectile will penetrate seven inches of Krupp armor at 3,500 yards. And, finally, the forts are, or soon will be, provided with powerful search-lights with which to sweep the harbor, and throw into a brilliant glare the ship or smaller vessel which attempts to creep up the channel under the cover of darkness or a protecting blanket of fog.

The 12-inch gun, mounted on a disappearing carriage, is a high-power rifle, 42 feet long, capable of throwing a 1,000-pound projectile fifteen miles, although 12,000 yards is regarded as its effective range. At 9,000 yards this projectile will penetrate twelve inches of Krupp armor.

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In the early nineties, accuracy of fire with coast-defence weapons was almost unknown, although about that time the first steps were taken to improve artillery gunnery. Even as recently as the Spanish War, all target practice was at fixed targets. Long and complicated calculations preceded every shot, the computations including the density of the atmosphere, as indicated by thermometric and barometric readings, the force of the wind and all the possible *minutiæ* of the ballistic problem. Much valuable time was required to make these calculations, and, as a result, the discharge of ten shots a day was regarded as good work.

Since 1900, the development of the system of fire-control, the invention of mechanical means of computation, and the refinement of the system of range-finding have resulted in such a remarkable increase of efficiency that the best-trained battery of to-day will place accurately sixteen times as many shots within a given time as the best-trained battery of six years ago.

The remarkable accuracy of fire attained by the Coast Artillery is due to the perfecting of a system of fire-control, employing complicated paraphernalia and a system of intricate and delicately adjusted mechanical computors. The brain of the system is in the fire-control station; its eyes are telescopes, usually located to the right and to the left, and 2,000 yards apart. Its circulatory system consists of electric wires whose ramifications lead to the various batteries, to the casemate from which are operated the submarine mines, and the mine-fields under the navigable channels. In the fire-control station are located the battle-commander, who controls all the defences bearing on a single channel; the fire-commander, who directs the fire of the several batteries and the search-lights; and the junior officers, who act as aides to these commanders. Each battery, in turn, has its own commander, who supervises its operation, while the mines are commanded by a mine-commander. The basis of the fire-control station is the plotting-board, which is a map of the harbor drawn on a scale of 300 yards to the inch and ruled to facilitate instantaneous calculations. Telephonic communication is maintained between the angle-measuring telescopes, the batteries, the casemates and the fire-control station. In a majority of fortifications, the range is determined by means of a 2,000-yard base-line, at each end of which is located an angle-computing telescope operated by a trained observer. The moment a vessel is sighted,

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it is located by both telescopes and the angles are telephoned to the fire-control station. These, when laid down on the plotting-board, show the exact location of the target and its range, or distance from the several batteries, its relative position to the mine-fields, etc. Beginning with the first sighting of the vessel, observations are taken every twenty seconds and immediately telephoned to the control station. Atmospheric and wind allowances are calculated there, allowance is made for the rate at which the target is moving, usually from 300 to 600 yards per minute, and the location of the vessel is communicated to the battery-commanders as each calculation is completed, so that each commander keeps his guns, or mortars, trained continuously on the approaching enemy, the only duty devolving upon the gun-pointer being the adjustment of his sight and elevation scales in accordance with the information telephoned from the control station. By this method, the gun, as fast as it can be loaded, is ready to be discharged at the word of command.

As a result of this system, numerous records of 100 per cent. of hits have been made at a moving target, at ranges varying from 6,000 to 7,000 yards, and at the rate of one shot per gun every 45 seconds. Even with the mortars, which, because of their necessarily high trajectories, were formerly supposed to be incapable of the most accurate work, some records of 100 per cent. of hits have been made at ranges varying from 5,000 to 9,600 yards, and 30 per cent. of hits has come to be regarded as a poor score. In a few fortifications, where the height of the observing station above the water-level will permit, a perpendicular base-line is used instead of the horizontal, but in other respects the operation of the system is substantially the same.

The highly specialized character of the service which has attained such astonishing results; the intricate machinery necessary to make these elaborate computations at twenty-second intervals; the extensive electrical paraphernalia essential to telephonic communication; the signalling; the explosion of submarine mines and the operation of the search-lights—have all operated to render the fortifications and equipment of the Coast Defence Artillery too complicated to permit of proper supervision and inspection by a departmental commander, usually a Brigadier-General of cavalry or infantry, sometimes of field-artillery. Together with the immobile character of this arm of the service, they have

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resulted in the necessity of so perfecting the Coast Defence organization as to make it completely independent of the mobile army. This will be accomplished by giving it its own adjutant, commissary and quartermaster departments, under the command of the Chief of Coast Defence Artillery, presumably a Major-General, whose immediate subordinates shall be Brigadier-Generals, each in command of one of the three coast-defence districts—which embrace, respectively, the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, including the Gulf, and the Pacific coasts.

To man the elaborate coast defences already constructed and planned by the Endicott and Taft boards will require a force of 1,754 officers and 41,833 men. The authorized strength of the Coast Artillery is only 714 officers and 19,321 men; and there is no prospect that Congress will in the near future authorize any such increase in the standing army as will make available a sufficient number of officers and men to complete the number required for this arm of the service.

Moreover, the necessary manning detail does not represent, by any means, the whole force required for the successful operation and protection of the coast defences in time of war. The old-fashioned fortifications consisted of high-walled enclosures, often provided with moats, counterscarp, redoubts and glacis on the land side. The modern battery, while presenting an almost invulnerable front to the enemy afloat, is wholly unprotected in the rear; and the safety of the men and works must depend on the maintenance of an efficient rear-guard to repel attacks from landing parties which may have come ashore beyond the range of the big guns, or from an army of invasion. Infantry is best suited for this work; and, in the plans of the General Staff, infantry regiments are assigned to the maintenance of such rear-guards. But, despite the fact that the personnel of the coast artillery and the infantry forces of the regular army are wholly inadequate, and that there is little or no likelihood that Congress will supply the deficiency by an increase of the standing army, the situation is not as hopeless as it appears.

In 1902, Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, suggested a scheme for the augmentation of the coast artillery, which will go far to solve the problem. This scheme has received the hearty sanction of William H. Taft, the present Secretary of War, and under the able promotion of the Chief of Artillery, Brigadier-

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General Arthur Murray, the proposition has been reduced to a working basis. As a part of the manœuvres of the past summer, a trial was conducted which demonstrated the entire feasibility of the project. Secretary Root thus propounded his plan:

"One of the most valuable services which can be rendered to the country by its militia, and the one which can be made the easiest and most natural for it to render, is to supplement the regular force in manning the coast defences in time of war. . . . Manning the coast fortifications is constitutional militia work, for it is always to repel invasion. It can be undertaken by citizens living in the neighborhood of the fortifications with less disturbance and sacrifice than any other military duty, because it does not take them away from their homes and business. . . . An effort should be made to procure the organization of a National Guard force of heavy artillerymen in the neighborhood of each coast-defence fortification, with the understanding that, whenever the President finds occasion to call out the militia to repel invasion, that organization will be called into that fortification. In the mean time, an immediate and special relation should be established between the militia organization and the fortification for the purpose of practice and instruction. They should be made as familiar as possible with the use of the guns and the methods of defence at that particular point. In many cases, it will be practicable to give them facilities for meeting and keeping their equipment on the military reservation, which would make unnecessary any outside armory for their use. Such an organization could readily perform all its duties to the State, serving as infantry, but it could at the same time be distinctly known and constantly prepared for service as a militia reserve of the fortification with which it sustains the relations described.

"Another very important function to be performed by militia, and having the same characteristics of not requiring militiamen to render any service except for the defence of their homes, is the service to be rendered by infantry in the defence of our coast fortifications against attack in reverse by land. That is a subject which ought to receive early and earnest attention on the part of the Federal Government. It is of great importance that an adequate force should be ready to perform that service, should be ready to take their places without confusion, and that there should be a perfect understanding as to where the force is to come from, where they are to be posted, and how they are to be supplied and maintained.

"The National Guard contains two widely different elements: one is composed of men who wish to perform their duty to the State as members of the militia, but do not wish, or do not feel at liberty, to leave their families or their business interests and become soldiers for all purposes, liable to be sent away for distant military operations. The other element wishes to go wherever there is adventure and a chance to fight. The amount of strictly local militia-work of the highest

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importance to be done in case of war is so great that the whole National Guard force, of the seacoast States, at all events, can be made just as useful as if they all became volunters for all purposes. In order to accomplish this, however, there should be careful prearrangement as to the distribution of duties."

The suggestions so carefully thought out by Secretary Root have been cordially adopted, and under the authority of Secretary Taft and the immediate and capable direction of General Murray the details have been perfected with equal care. During the past summer, every coast State from Maine to Washington, with the exception of Delaware, Virginia and North Carolina, accepted the invitation of the War Department to assign portions of its militia to cooperate with the coast-defence artillery during the period devoted to the annual summer encampment. The force of militia invited in each instance equalled exactly the force of artillerymen manning a given fortification, and, in addition thereto, certain companies of militia were assigned to the work of the rear-guard. During the first part of the practice, each regular soldier within the fortifications worked under the observation of a designated militiaman, and during the latter part of the period each militiaman worked under the immediate supervision and tutorship of the regular soldier he had previously watched. Men with the advantage of high-school and college educations were assigned to the fire-control stations, the plotting-boards, range-finders, etc., for which quasi-scientific work their attainments especially qualified them. In all possible respects, the conditions of actual warfare were simulated. Day and night attacks by fleets composed of tugs, mine-planters and such other craft as the artillery officers could requisition were repelled by the carefully placed shots and skilfully judged mines operated by the militiamen, and remarkable adaptability and proficiency were demonstrated by the guardsmen, all of whom went back to their homes enthusiastic over the possibilities presented by the new departure. Massachusetts has already organized its coast-defence militia, and her example will doubtless soon be followed by other States. By this means, the force having been perfected, the menace of an attack on the shores of the United States would be promptly followed by a request from the President that each threatened State man the fortifications within its borders, and immediately the personnel of the coast defences

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would be doubled by the addition of men trained to handle the big guns, operate the mines and search-lights, and familiar with the surroundings, while the rear of each fortification would be guarded by men equally well drilled in that work. In addition to the patriotism which had led the guardsmen to perfect themselves in advance, they would be inspired by the necessity and desire to protect their homes, their families and property. All this would be accomplished in the twinkling of an eye; and, while the mobile army struggled with problems of commissary and transportation in the effort to mobilize itself into brigades at the designated points—while the General Staff wrestled with the problems of new departments and aggressive movements—the coast defences would be amply manned with experienced men.

It would, however, be misleading, in outlining the efficiency of the coast defences and the personnel of the corps, to omit all reference to the extraordinary short-sightedness exhibited by Congress in its failure to provide adequate means of defence for the most vulnerable inlet on the entire Atlantic coast, Chesapeake Bay. That no exaggeration of the danger which exists at this point may be suspected, it may be well to quote briefly from the report of the Taft Board on Fortifications, which says:

> "Commercially and strategically, Chesapeake Bay is to-day, as it always has been, of the very first importance. With the entrance, as it is now, unfortified, a hostile fleet, should it gain control of the sea, can establish, without coming under the fire of a single gun, a base on its shores, pass in and out at pleasure, have access to large quantities of valuable supplies of all kinds, and paralyze the great trunk railway lines crossing the head of the bay."

The uninitiated observer who visits the lower Chesapeake and Hampton Roads would naturally assume that the great disappearing guns at Fort Monroe and Fort Wool must command the entrance to the bay and prove a grave menace to an enemy's fleet; but the fact is that the entrance to the bay is eighteen miles from Fort Monroe; and, as has been stated by the Taft Board, there is no effective defence of the bay itself, while its extensive shores offer peculiar advantages for a naval base or landing operations. The approach to Baltimore is guarded by modern forts, and the Potomac approach to the national capital is equally well provided with fortifications. Norfolk and Newport News are protected by Fort Monroe and Fort Wool; but the damage

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which would result were a considerable armed force landed along the shores of the bay, the hardship which could be inflicted on the lesser cities, railways, etc., by a modern naval force, are almost incalculable, and the advantage of a base on the shore of the Chesapeake would almost double the effectiveness of a hostile navy against our own sea forces.

To remedy this situation, the Taft Board has earnestly recommended the construction of an artificial island in the 12-mile opening between Capes Charles and Henry, and the erection thereon of powerful fortifications which would command the entire channel from the Atlantic to Hampton Roads. A further detail of the project is the construction of a breakwater, which would not only protect the island from the ravages of the sea, but also afford a refuge for vessels seeking to escape the violent storms which occasionally sweep the vicinity of Cape Hatteras and the entrance to the Chesapeake. The Army Engineers have pronounced the project entirely feasible and already funds have been set apart for the construction of one 14-inch gun for the proposed fortifications. But for two years Congress has been urged to make the necessary provision for this essential link in the nation's coast defence, and with surprising improvidence has ignored the recommendation and permitted valuable time to elapse without action.

There are other points where the defences require strengthening. Long Island Sound is without adequate protection, and much remains to be done on the Pacific coast and in our insular possessions. The search-light equipment must be perfected at many forts, and at others additional electric-power plants are required. The completion of the separate administrative organization of the corps, a matter of paramount importance, is still unauthorized. Despite these defects, however, the nation's fortifications, compared with those of other countries, are highly creditable and the personnel of the corps, the high state of efficiency displayed by the rank and file and the notable ability of its officers and commanders must prove the occasion of pride to every American, as well as a source of security and comfort to all whose interests might be directly menaced by a hostile navy, especially during the temporary absence of the naval fleet.

GEORGE GRISWOLD HILL.

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THE STRUGGLE TOWARD A NATIONAL MUSIC.

BY ARTHUR FARWELL.

AMERICA'S absorption in the economic situation, universal as it is, does not hinder the steady fight for artistic advance which this country has always maintained, and in which it has won many notable victories. Men who have artistic talents and ideals, and who do not see why they should concern themselves with the tariff or the trusts, will persist in being born, even in a country whose alleged materialism is a byword of the age. Extremes breed extremes; and, if some men will devote body and soul to the material affairs of this world, to the exclusion of all things ideal or artistic, a divine providence, or perhaps a mere evolutionary law, rears up others whose passion to keep awake the aspiration toward beauty outweighs all else in life. At least we must find some sufficient reason for the constant augmentation of the army of artists in America, and the widely acknowledged increase of their talents.

Music is the last of the arts to develop to a considerable degree of culture in the United States, as it has invariably been elsewhere. The first man we meet on the street will probably be able to name the great American men of letters, and he may be able to name certain of our painters and sculptors who have become great; but he will not so readily nor so confidently tell us who are our greatest composers, or which American composers are regarded as having carried farthest the standards of musical art. And, in fact, to do this might well puzzle even the student, for the extraordinary revelation of new paths and possibilities in modern music, each so remote from the others, leaves us dazed and incapable of foreseeing which, if any, is the great central path forward. Even a little time may reverse judgments; and it

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would be dangerous to plant one's artistic faith too implicitly in leaders who may have found at best only an interesting by-way of musical art.

To one tracing in detail the progress of American music, the present is probably the most interesting and exciting epoch through which our nation will pass. For with this generation, and only with this, our composers have bent themselves to the task of genuinely mastering the technic of musical composition, and are thus for the first time gaining a medium through which American spirit and individuality may freely speak. From now on, we are not merely to observe how cleverly the American can imitate European modes of expression; we are to see what the American has to say for himself, for his nation, for *us*, through the medium of his art. Does he still reflect the pessimism, the melancholy, the artistic desperation of modern Europe; or does he voice the youthful, optimistic, heroic spirit of a new land? Has he found himself and us in his art?

It must be confessed at once that but few of our composers have awakened to the vitalizing knowledge that they must in some sort reflect the humanity about them, that they must in some measure reflect American spirit, or perish in their artistic pride. America will never retain what is not true to herself, and Europe will forever reject what is merely imitative of her. But it is the presence of a few composers who have realized the truth of this, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, which marks the significant evolutionary point in our American musical development.

These truths have already demonstrated themselves upon the plane of our popular music, which from east to west has become thoroughly American at a time when our "art-music" can only begin to see the possibility of its one day becoming so. The burden of artificial refinement borne by the super-cultured is, happily, not felt by the *people*, who immediately accept an appropriate style of music without having first to divest themselves of deeply rooted ideas as to what music should be. Culture blinds to elemental realities; and, when that culture is in a large degree alien and transplanted, it blinds doubly to realities at home. The exclusively European musical culture of America has retarded the growth of American music among Americans, except among the people, who have cared precisely nothing for

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that culture. Nor is this "popular" American music a growth to be disparaged by the cultured. It is fresh in melody, and unprecedented in the history of popular music in its remarkable rhythms; and one day it will exercise a greater influence upon American musical culture than is dreamed of at the present time. No less a composer than Dvorák has said that American street music is the most interesting in the world. It is the music of our Folk, given us almost as by a miracle in default of a racial folk-music, and it cannot be ignored, because that Folk is ourselves,—is America. Beethoven demonstrated, and Wagner both insisted and demonstrated, that the greatest music must eventually arise from a Folk, through an individual who fundamentally touches and voices that Folk. Not only is that what will happen in America, but the time is ripe for the beginning of the particular work which shall lead to that end. For American popular music has now assumed a definite character (involving several styles); the other forms of folk-song peculiar to American soil, chiefly the negro and Indian, are now becoming well understood, and can lend to future work what force and color they possess. The American composer is equipping himself, and the nation's questioning attitude toward it all is driving the composer into the consideration of these problems, so that there remains but one step more—and that an inevitable one,—namely, the solution of them.

This solution can take place only along one line; that is, a line which brings the composer closer to his Folk, to his own people. He must, in some way, be the apex of that structure of which they are the base. His art is to be a refinement of that which they possess in a crude state. It can never be that which some other nation owns. Therefore, he must ask, What is that which they possess? But music is both body and spirit: that is, it is this or that kind of melody or harmony or rhythm, and it is also a particular feeling, a particular kind of spirit, which is the result of the manner of combining and using those three elements. Remembering this, then, the people have in a crude state, for music's development, of material things,—their popular music; of spiritual things,—their independence. The composer to come, therefore, if he is to be in every fibre a product of America, as Lincoln was a product of America, must stoop to conquer; he must come down from the clouds of European refinement-imita-

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tions and understand the crude but inexhaustibly vital realities of his people which, for him, are their music and their independence. The composer must supply, on his part, brains and ideals.

By what has been written, it has not been meant to imply that American music, in the future, is to be directly based upon the popular song of America. The composer, however, who enters fully into its spirit is bound to be refreshed by it at the very sources of his musical nature; for, if it is not refinement, it is, nevertheless, something more than that,—it is life. The refinement must be the composer's gift. Once the composer truly touches this abundant source of new life, he will never afterwards be wholly apart from its influence. The alien refinements, whose exotic air he earlier breathed, will seem so remote from the spirit of himself and his people, that he will see in their attainment no goal worth his striving. Neither will he feel constrained to imitate directly the melodies of the music of his Folk. For that independence of this same Folk is as much his birthright as their song is, and he may do as he pleases in the making of his melodies. But there are many things he would have done before that he will now no longer wish to do. He may draw upon the qualities of Indian and negro songs if he wishes, or upon any qualities of music the world over, because he has found the true independence; but in the handling of his material, in the making of compositions, a subtle instinct will tell him when he is departing from the spirit of his people or from its true idealization, and he will not betray that spirit. Or, if he does betray it, he is on the straight road to oblivion.

Probably no American composer is closer to the heart of the American people than Stephen Foster, who gave us "Suanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in de Cold Ground" and so many more songs which America can never forget. Foster's position is akin to that of Robert Burns; and, if we push the analogy of these natures closer home, we will even find Foster sharing the favorite weaknesses of the Scotch bard, which are too well known to need rehearsing. Many of us, listening to the tickling strains of American comic-opera melodies played by a café orchestra, will have noticed the magical effect upon those present of the appearance of a Foster melody on the scene. It scatters the feeble emotions aroused by the emasculated writers of our comic operas as the rising sun scatters the mists of night.

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The inattentive diners seem to wake up, they forsake their small-talk, and the vanities of life give place to sweeping and genuine emotions of the heart. They join in the song in a manner which convinces us that this music and their souls are made of the same stuff. What Stephen Foster has done, our composers of culture must learn to do; they must come close to the people. They may write symphonies instead of songs, but the symphonies must hold something which the people grasp as their own, something which they have been hungering for—a breadth, simplicity and directness which they cannot find in the symphony concert-halls of America to-day. Music which most deeply touches America must rise up from our own soil. Wagner understood the spirit of America, and very seriously thought of coming here at a time when his own land repudiated him. He was more of an American than many of our own composers, for he worked with the primal forces of man and nature, and not with the over-refined and predigested delicacies of a decadent culture; and Americans, however they may have rivalled Europeans in misunderstanding Wagner in the whole scope of his ideals, have, nevertheless, taken much of his work deeply to heart. Perhaps there is a hint for us here; it may be that only in the drama, the music-drama, with its concrete presentation of human life, will Americans be most deeply touched by music. This result, however, will not be gained by imitating Wagner, but by exalting popular American forms of opera already in existence.

In view of these considerations in general, it is interesting to learn of the new point of view of one of our composers who, in his earlier work, followed closely the tendencies of the modern French school, as being the most suggestive of new possibilities in music. This is Henry F. Gilbert, whose "Pirate Song," on Stevenson's "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" from "Treasure Island," through Mr. Bispham's unforgettable interpretation, has been heard with delight throughout America. Mr. Gilbert has been quick to learn that highly cultured America is not America at all; and, if one is going to appeal to the heart of America, he must cease appealing to the few highly cultured and Europeanized Americans. This by no means implies the prostitution of one's art, or the writing of "cheap" music. In Mr. Gilbert's case, it means the vitalizing of higher art-forms through the identification of himself with the spirit of the American Folk

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in music. Mr. Gilbert has, therefore, applied himself to the study, not only of our "popular" music, but of Stephen Foster, of negro music and its relation to American popular music, and of remote American folk-tunes, "cracker-tunes" and the songs of the Tennessee mountains, some of which have spread far and wide in American life. The first creative result following these researches of Mr. Gilbert was an orchestral work, "A Comedy Overture on Negro Themes." The negro melodies and rhythms were not followed slavishly, but treated freely, in accordance with a normal musical appeal, and the whole work freely developed in scope and power. Such a work, if successful, would, on the one hand, appeal to the trained musical ear requiring thoroughly organized form, and, on the other, to the people, who demand a musical spirit that is familiar and already ingrained in their own natures. Mr. Gilbert has now composed another orchestral work, an "Americanesque," based on three old-time American melodies standing close to the national consciousness, — "Zip Coon," "Rosalie, or Don't be Foolish, Joe" and "Dearest Mae." This work has nothing in common with the old-fashioned popular strung-together medleys. There is much original development of the melodies, but the general spirit of them is retained. As far as musical standards go, there is sufficient mastery in the handling of the material in these compositions to warrant their finding a place on our first-class orchestral programmes throughout the country; but it is safe to say that it will be some time before such a place will be given them. For the cultured society which supports our symphony orchestras also supports an unwritten law that music is of Europe, and that the orchestral conductor shall not forget himself with impunity, whatever his regard for certain American works may be. That he shall not so forget himself is usually assured by the choice of one who cannot, by virtue of his exclusive European sympathies. So it may be some time before we can know the result of Mr. Gilbert's work,—especially since it is so frankly heretical,—and before we can discover the intensity or feebleness of its appeal to Americans. The interesting fact is that, howsoever little our symphony and other orchestras reflect us as a nation, our composers are beginning to take thought for us and to feel and utilize new sources of musical power within the national life.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES.—II.

BY FINANCIER.

THE earnings of railroad corporations are subject to less variation, are less affected by the changing business conditions than the earnings of any other line of industry. The relative stability of the railroad receipts even in periods of industrial depression, as explained in the first article on this subject, is due to the economic necessity of railroad transportation.

In many lines of industry great fluctuations are experienced between the earnings of years of prosperity and those of years of adversity. The earnings of those industries, the products of which are in the nature of necessities, show the greatest stability. The more essential the output, the less is the variation from year to year in the earnings. Obviously, the obligations of a corporation, the earnings of which may be reasonably expected to reflect the varying conditions of business, cannot be regarded as constituting conservative investments. This explains, in part, why the so-called "Industrial Bonds"—that is, the bonds of industrial corporations—do not rank as high as do the securities of railroad and public-service corporations.

Comparison of Earnings of a Railroad and an Industrial Corporation.—A consideration of the earnings of some of the great industrial corporations for the years 1903 and 1904 will prove instructive in this connection. It will be remembered that during the year 1904 the United States experienced something of a business reaction. It was not severe, and at no time did conditions approach an industrial panic. Yet there was a marked decline in activity in certain lines of industry. The steel companies experienced a decided falling off in business. The statements of earnings of the United States Steel Corporation

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shows the following results for the two years ended December 31:

	1903	1904
Gross Sales and Earnings	$536,572,871	$444,405,431
Mfg. costs, repairs, etc., charges of subsidiary companies	427,401,718	371,228,909
Net Earnings	$109,171,153	$73,176,522

In a year of very moderate reaction in general trade conditions, the gross earnings of the company declined 17 per cent. and the net earnings showed a decrease of 33 per cent.

Contrast with the reports of the United States Steel Corporation, the statements of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway for the same period:

	1903	1904
Total Gross Earnings	$34,768,081	$35,161,053
Operating Expenses	26,750,995	27,184,280
Net Earnings	$8,017,086	$7,976,773

The Lake Shore showed an actual increase in gross earnings in 1904 over 1903; but, as the increase in operating expenses was relatively greater, there was a decrease in net earnings amounting to $40,313, or about one-half of one per cent.

Very few of the standard railroad companies suffered, in 1904, any substantial reduction in business from the volume of 1903. It is true that not many reported material increases, but they were in general able to maintain the records of 1903. The aggregate gross earnings of all roads in the United States, according to Poor's Manual, increased from $1,908,858,000 to $1,977,639,000. Net earnings in 1904 were $639,240,000 against $592,508,500 in 1903.

Basis of Safety of Railroad Bonds.—In the tendency of railroad earnings to remain constant, or to increase, is found the basis of the security and safety of railroad obligations. While railroad bonds as a class rank very high among investment securities, it does not follow that all railroad obligations are fully secured. A railroad, as well as any other corporation, may be bonded for an amount much greater than the assets and earning power of the company warrant.

The security of a railroad bond depends primarily upon (1) the form of the obligation and (2) the strength of the issuing

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corporation. The companies enjoying the highest credit are the older, established roads, which serve well-developed, thickly populated sections of the country. The history of such corporations goes back through periods of adversity as well as of prosperity, and they have attained a position of such strength and stability that they may be relied upon safely to weather the storms which, from time to time, afflict the business world. Such corporations have long passed the experimental stage; their record for the past gives assurance for their future. Such roads, too, have little fear of new competition, because the more thickly populated a territory is, so much the more expensive and difficult is it to obtain, for a new road, rights-of-way, entrance into cities, terminals, etc. Among the roads of this character, the securities of which may be regarded as of the first rank, are the Pennsylvania; the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; the New York, New Haven and Hartford; the Delaware, Lackawana and Western; and the Illinois Central. There are, of course, many others.

Importance of Form of Obligation.—Railroad bonds vary in security, not only with the strength of the issuing corporation, but also with the form of the obligation—that is to say, one railroad may have bonds outstanding of different merit. Ordinarily it may be said that those securities which lie "closest to the road" are the safest. The bonds, the security for which is the first claim on the earnings and assets of the corporation, naturally outrank those the claim of which is inferior.

First-Mortgage Bonds.—First-mortgage bonds have a first lien upon the earnings of a road, and, in case of trouble, upon the physical property of the road. The bonds are secured by a deed of trust under which the road is conveyed to a trustee, to be held in trust for the benefit of the bondholders. The road itself is pledged as security for the loan represented by the bonds. As long as the interest is paid promptly, the stockholders, being the owners of the road, are allowed to control and operate it. If there is default, however, either in the payments of the semi-annual interest charges or in the payments of the principal at maturity, the trustee may proceed to foreclose, to take possession of the road, to have a receiver appointed or take whatever action may be permitted by the court for the protection of the bondholders. The rights of the first-mortgage bondowners are superior to the rights of any other creditors of the road, except

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possibly in those extraordinary cases where receiver's certificates have been issued. The peculiar status of receiver's certificates will be discussed later. If the road, for any cause, is taken away from the stockholders and operated by a receiver appointed by a court, the earnings, so far as applicable, must be applied to the payment of the first-mortgage bonds. If the road is sold at auction for the benefit of the creditors, the claims of the first-mortgage bondholders take precedence over the claims of any other creditors.

In case of default in the payment of the interest, providing the default last six months, or in the payment of the principal of the bonds at maturity, the lien by which they are secured is made effective by action on the part of the trustee. In our modern railroad mortgages or deeds of trust, a trust company is usually designated as trustee. The rights of the trustee are fully set forth, and it is important that sufficient power be given it to take whatever action may be necessary fully to protect the bondholders.

The Deed of Trust or Mortgage.—It is also important that, under the deed of trust, provision be made for compelling the trustee to act in case it is negligent in its duty. Holders of a majority of the outstanding bonds should be able conjunctively to compel action by the trustee. Provision should further be made for the removal of the trustee and the appointment of another should the interest of the bondholders require it.

Railroad bonds usually reach the investor through the medium of a private banking firm. It is the duty of the bankers, when they purchase an issue of bonds from a railroad with a view of retailing them to the public, to attend to the drawing of the mortgage or deed of trust, and to take proper care that all provisions are inserted which may be necessary to make the bonds as secure as possible. Our more important issuing bond houses and banking firms recognize their duty in this respect, and employ careful counsel to draw or approve the deeds of trust, securing the bonds which they may bring out. The investor, however, may well give attention to the form of the mortgage securing his bonds. While railroad mortgages are usually rather formidable documents to the layman, they may be analyzed with a little study, and any serious omissions or improper provisions may easily be discovered.

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Divisional, Branch-Mortgage Bonds, etc.—Many of our railroads have different parts of their lines covered by different mortgages. Thus, there are Divisional First-Mortgage Bonds, Branch-Mortgage Bonds and Terminal-Mortgage Bonds secured, respectively, by a lien on a division, a branch line or a terminal. The security of such bonds depends upon the earning power of the particular part of the system by which they are secured. Terminal bonds are, in general, safe securities because terminals, by a lien on which they are secured, are most essential to the operation of the road. Perhaps there is no more important part of a road than its terminal properties, usually located in large cities where very heavy traffic originates or terminates.

While first-mortgage railroad bonds properly rank high as investment securities, they are safe only when the bonded debt charges are well within the earnings of the road, after the expenses of operation, maintenance, taxes, etc., have been deducted.

Securities of Roads too Heavily Bonded.—Some roads are bonded too heavily, and it is such as these which are forced into bankruptcy in periods of business depression.

There are roads which have first-mortgage bonds outstanding which are perfectly secure, but whose second and third mortgage and other debts are so heavy that default in some of the junior mortgages may be reasonably anticipated in the event of a business reaction. Such default will, undoubtedly, throw these roads into the hands of receivers. Even the first-mortgage bonds of a road the total debt of which is excessive are not fancied by careful investors, because, while the payment of the interest and principal may be assured, such bonds would not be easily marketable should the issuing road be forced into bankruptcy. There is little demand normally even for the fully secured bonds of a discredited corporation.

FINANCIER.

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THE SECOND PEACE CONFERENCE.

BY M. W. HAZELTINE.

JUST as there are hearts so light that their enviable possessors can be jolly under all circumstances, so it is possible to take an optimistic view of the outcome of the second Peace Conference. Mr. W. T. Stead, for instance, who was an onlooker at The Hague, writing to the London "Tribune," avows himself an optimist. He goes so far as to describe the second attempt to hold a "Parliament of Man" as a success, and even asserts that the addition of delegates from all the Latin-American commonwealths has proved an unqualified advantage. If, he says, the Conference has failed to achieve some of its projects, that failure does not lie at the door of Latin-America. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Stead, writing to the London "Times," maintains that, by the inclusion of the Latin-American delegates, the second Peace Conference was doomed to impotence and derision, and predicts that there will never be another conference, unless it shall be organized on a very different principle, to wit, the assumption that nations are not equal but unequal, differing vastly in respect of area, population, wealth and enlightenment, and consequently entitled to proportionate voting power. The London "Guardian," on its part, seems to speak for a large majority of British newspapers, when it says that, while the Governments which sent delegates to the Conference were ready enough to do lip-service to humanitarianism, and to emit sentimental aspirations, they were not prepared to sacrifice a jot of the practical advantages of which international law, as it stands, places them in possession. It is, perhaps, too early to decide whether the results of the Conference held this year at The Hague should be regarded with dismay or with complacency, but it seems to us that a review of what the spokesmen of the nations

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accomplished, and of what they failed to do, will not tend to encourage those who have looked forward to the promotion of peace and to the humanization of warfare.

I.

The first Hague Conference met on May 18th, and lasted 72 days, adjourning on July 29th, 1899. The second Hague Conference, which met on June 15th of the present year, adjourned on October 19th, thus having covered a period of 126 days. The first Conference contained representatives of 26 States; the second of 44, the additional delegates coming from Latin America and the new Kingdom of Norway. The first Conference divided itself into three Commissions, the second into four. The *"Acte Final"* of the first Conference reported three Conventions, made three Declarations and uttered six *"Vœux,"* or pious wishes. The *"Acte Final"* of the second Conference comprises thirteen Conventions, four Declarations and three *"Vœux."* We shall here outline some of the more interesting conventions and declarations, premising that only two of them received unanimous assent, namely, the one applying to maritime warfare the latest rules prescribed by the Geneva Convention for land warfare; and the one establishing an international prize court. There seems to be no doubt that the former will be ratified by all the Powers participating in the Conference, but there is reason to believe that, although the convention creating an international prize court was signed by the British delegates, the British Government will hesitate to sanction it in the form proposed. An influential British newspaper denounces as cynical effrontery the proposal to establish an international prize court which would rob Great Britain, the greatest of maritime nations, of her commanding position by subjecting her captures of contraband to the review of a tribunal, which, as being composed of fifteen judges, would be little better than a juridical *ménagerie*. We concur in the opinion that the spectacle of a half-breed lawyer from Central or South America deciding upon the justice of a British seizure would be ludicrous in any case; but when it is proposed that he and his colleagues shall administer a law elaborated by them as they go along, based upon precedents of their own creation or upon no precedents at all, the folly of the whole proceeding becomes patent. As for the other substantive work of the Con-

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ference, whether it took the form of a convention or a declaration, it will, of course, if ratified, be binding only on the signatories as toward each other, and not as against non-signatory Powers.

A declaration regarding the prohibition of dropping projectiles or explosives from balloons provides that, for a period extending to the end of the third Peace Conference, the signatory Powers agree to the prohibition against hurling projectiles and explosives by dropping them from balloons, or by new methods of a similar character. It may be recalled that the first Hague Conference declared itself not only against the launching of explosives from aërial vehicles, but also against the use of asphyxiating shells. or of the dum-dum bullet. The action of the second Conference in the matter of submarine mines is stigmatized as the exhibition of a peculiarly nauseous type of hypocrisy. What happened during the Japanese War and afterwards demonstrated the merciless havoc which may be worked to all manner of neutral or non-combatant shipping by the abominable practice of sowing the seas broadcast with floating mines. Fairly stringent restrictions on the use of such engines of destruction were originally proposed; but a sub-committee, upon which Great Britain was not represented, reconstructed them, and concluded a mines convention which leaves untouched liberty of indiscriminate devastation.

II.

A convention concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers and persons, in case of land warfare, provides that the territory of neutral Powers is inviolable. Belligerents are prohibited from moving across the territory of a neutral Power troops or convoys of munitions or provisions—there is no doubt that Japan violated the neutrality of Corea during her late war with Russia. The responsibility of a neutral Power, however, is not involved by the fact that individuals cross its frontier singly in order to take service with a belligerent. Neither is a neutral Power required to prevent the export or transit of arms, munitions or anything that may be useful to an army or a fleet for the account of a belligerent. A neutral Power which receives in its territory troops belonging to belligerent armies shall intern them at the farthest possible distance from the theatre of war, and, in default of a special convention, shall provide the interned men with provisions, clothing and the assistance dictated

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by humanity. On the conclusion of peace, the outlay will be refunded to the neutral Government by the belligerent concerned.

Under the head of the rights and duties of neutrals, it is also to be noted that belligerents are prohibited from doing what Russia did in the recent Far Eastern War, namely, installing a radio-telegraphic station on the territory of a neutral Power. An attempt to safeguard the interests of neutrals is also made in a convention relating to the opening of hostilities, which provides that the Powers signing and ratifying the suggested agreement shall recognize that hostilities between them shall not begin without previous unequivocal warning, which shall take the form either of a declaration of war with reasons assigned, or of an ultimatum accompanied by a conditional declaration of war. A state of war shall, moreover, be notified without delay to neutral Powers that are parties to the proposed convention, and in respect of them shall only have effect after the receipt of a notification which may be made by telegraph.

III.

It is well known that, at Mr. Choate's suggestion, the Conference of 1907 added the words "and desirable" to the averment of the former Conference that the employment of mediative or other pacific means by third parties to avert a threatened war would be "useful." On the other hand, in the case of the proposed International Commissions of Inquiry, the opposition was led by Sir Edward Fry, the head of the British delegation, who blocked the attempt of Russia to introduce an agreement to constitute such a commission when matters of fact should be in dispute. The Second Conference would only commit itself to the mild expression of an opinion that it would be useful so to do. General Porter's proposal that force shall not be used for the collection of contractual debts until the justice of the claim shall have been affirmed by an arbitral tribunal obtained 39 votes out of the possible 44, and, so far as the States signing and ratifying are concerned, it constitutes the one substantial change for the better made in international law by the Second Conference, considered as an instrument of international peace.

It is probable that Mr. Choate's advocacy of a permanent court of arbitration to be organized and established at The Hague would have been successful, had not the head of the Brazilian

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delegation insisted that every one of the forty-four Powers which had sent spokesmen to the Conference should be represented on the projected tribunal. It might have been foreseen that Germany and other great Powers would not consent to have their policies settled for them by the votes of decayed Oriental States like Turkey or Persia, or by insignificant South-American republics.

IV.

There is a good deal of force in the reasons adduced in the letter to the London "Times," by Mr. Alfred Stead, for asserting that the Third Peace Conference, should one ever be called, ought to be organized on a different principle. In the present Conference, each of the 44 Powers represented had an equal voice, irrespective of the magnitude of its area, population, wealth or civilization. Mr. Alfred Stead holds that, while the small negro republic of Hayti might be permitted to have a voice in an international assembly, its voice ought not to have the same weight as that of the British or the German Empire; that, in other words, its voting strength should be proportioned to the size of its territory, population, wealth or enlightenment, or to all of these factors of national greatness combined. The process of graduating voting power to physical, intellectual and economic qualifications would be a delicate and difficult one, though it is possible that a function which a single Government might shrink from undertaking might be discharged less invidiously by a committee of great Powers.

Perhaps the easiest way of solving the problems which were not solved at The Hague would be to substitute for an ecumenical conference a Congress of the Great Powers, modelled on that which was held at Paris in 1856. In that body only two secondary countries, namely, Turkey and Sardinia, were represented outside of the Great Powers, then five in number, whereas there are now eight, to wit, Germany, France, Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States and Japan. The declarations and agreements of such a Congress, while binding only on the participants, and only upon them with reference to each other after signature or ratification, would be clothed with high moral authority, and most, if not all, of the non-participating Powers would probably accede to them.

M. W. HAZELTINE.

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THE CATHOLIC REFORMATION AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE VATICAN.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

I.

Is Italy to give birth to a new Renaissance, and to repeat the superb gifts which she bestowed on the world in the Middle Ages? There are signs of a new birth in the stirrings of spiritual life so evident in the last year or two throughout the Italian peninsula. And the whole world's attention has been called to these newly springing life-forces by the Syllabus of last July, and the recent Encyclical. "It is," the Syllabus tells us, "a matter for the profoundest regret that a certain number of Catholic writers, transgressing the limits established by the fathers and the Church herself, have devoted themselves to the alleged development of dogmas, whilst in reality, under the pretext of higher research, and in the name of history, they explain away the dogmas themselves." Among the positions which the Syllabus finds it necessary to affirm against these innovators, we find the declaration that "divine inspiration guarantees all and every part of the Holy Scriptures against error," and the claim that the Church has the right "to pass judgment on natural sciences"; the Syllabus further denies that "the Christian doctrine was first Judaic, then Pauline, then Hellenic, then Universal"; and declares that it is false to assert that "the Roman Church became the head of all churches, not by divine ordinance, but by purely political circumstances." The Syllabus, it is worth noting, bears the ominous name of the "Holy Inquisition."

On the other side, we find the Young Catholic party declaring, as in "*Il Rinnovamento,*"* that for them:

* "*Il Rinnovamento*" (Milan), January, 1907.

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"Christianity is Life: it is unquenchable aspiration, it is hope, it is the striving of the whole being toward that which in life partakes of the eternal; it is the progressive elevation of our hearts and minds in a passionate search after truth, and an ardent turning toward it; it is the soul's claim to a life in the future. It is in vain that we try to enclose Christianity in intellectual systems and definitive expressions of its development; it is, by its very nature, a continuous becoming, which bursts through its ancient coverings to create ever new ones, which moulds and remoulds the forms through which it communicates itself to the intellect; in a perennial movement of renovation, as if a divine artificer were seeking to express in pliant clay, ceaselessly and ever unsatisfied, his ineffable ideal. Every religious conception which pretends in the name of faith to bind the intellect to determinate philosophical and social doctrines, and thinks possible a specifically orthodox science, art or politics, is false in its root. And if we deem possible a new Christian civilization, it is on one condition: that the spirit of Christ signifies the spirit of liberation, no one seeking to confine it to his own theories, hypotheses or systems, but each feeling it as an imminent command in his heart to uplift his life in all its activities."

This is finely said, and in the true spirit of liberty.

The Vatican retorts:*

"Rebels, indeed, they are, those who profess and spread abroad under artful forms monstrous errors on the evolution of dogma; on the return to the Gospel—the Gospel, that is to say, stripped, as they put it, of the explanations of theology, of the definitions of Councils, of the maxims of asceticism; on the emancipation of the Church, but conceived after a new fashion—an emancipation which will enable them not to revolt, so that they may not be cut off, and yet not to submit, so that they need not abandon their own convictions. . . . We count, however, much on your aid, Venerable Brethren, so that whensoever you, with the Bishops your suffragans in your provinces, learn of these sowers of tares, you may unite with us in combating them, inform us of the peril to which souls are exposed, denounce their books to the Sacred Roman Congregations, and meanwhile, using the powers which have been granted to you by the Sacred Canons, may solemnly condemn them, persuaded of the very serious obligation you have assumed to aid the Pope in the government of the Church, to combat error and defend the truth even to the shedding of blood."

A group of Italian priests, speaking for the Young Catholics, thus reply:

"Our state of mind at this moment is the same as that which spurred Saint Catherine of Siena to display her indignation against Urban VI (when with a passionate unfeelingness he sought to blunt her eager-

* Papal discourse of April 17th, 1907.

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ness in her schemes of reform), by hurling at him these words, so living in their present application: 'Justice without mercy would be injustice rather than justice. Do what you do in measure (for to act without measure destroys rather than mends), and with benevolence and peaceful heart. For the love of Christ Crucified, moderate a little those sudden movements to which Nature urges you.' For us, profoundly Christian souls, religion, far from being a vague mystical feeling which soothes the spirit and isolates it in a barren egotism, is a Divine reality, which kindles into life and exalts the souls of men, and, knitting them together in a bond of brotherhood, directs their life toward a supreme and common goal."

As the rejoinder of the Vatican, we have the Syllabus of last July, and the Encyclical of September, which recommends a policy of inquisition and prosecution, the establishment of censors all over the field of Christendom, who are to detect error, and tear the subversive books from the hands of the flocks; while the teachers of these dangerous doctrines are to be driven from their parishes, or, if teachers, are to be expelled from their colleges and schools. The brand of heresy is stamped upon them, and they are held up to the reprobation of the faithful. It is both interesting and ominous to find the Vatican seeking thus to stem the tide of intellectual life, and ordering the combating of error "even to the shedding of blood."

More important than the views which the Vatican may espouse or denounce is the motive principle of this new Crusade against heresy: the assumption that the Vatican has authority to declare, through the "Holy Inquisition," what shall or shall not be held true, whether in criticism, history or science; the claim of the Vatican to exercise, by divine right, a despotic power over men's intellects, forbidding to the faithful all true liberty of thought. Are we or are we not prepared to grant this claim? The whole question turns on that.

II.

The Vatican is wise in forbidding genuine research into the meaning of the Scriptures, and in laying down an "orthodox" view of the early history of Christendom. For nothing is more certain than that a candid study of the Scriptures, a sincere examination of early history, will cut at the root of the Vatican's assumptions. The claim of intellectual despotism is wholly unwarranted by the words of Jesus Himself, and by the whole spirit of His teachings; it is wholly unwarranted by the words and

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conduct of the Apostles; it is unwarranted by the early practice of the Church. This claim grew up, I am entirely convinced, as a part of that process by which the Bishop of Rome assumed the title of Sovereign Pontiff till then worn by the Roman Cæsars, and with that title assumed much of the Cæsars' power. And this claim to intellectual despotism has always gone hand in hand with civil persecution, and with the assertion of political suzerainty over Christendom.

Let us begin with the heart of the matter. Where do we find Jesus claiming despotic authority over men's intellects, and demanding that they shall renounce their convictions? Where do we find Jesus countenancing civil persecution? Can we imagine Jesus, in the black robe of the Inquisitor, dragging forth "heretics" by the hundred, and burning them at the stake? Can we think of Jesus organizing a bloody Crusade against the Waldenses, and hurling "mother with infant down the rocks"? If Jesus would have authorized these things, why did He not do them Himself? Why did He not summon the twelve legions of angels and drive Herod from Jerusalem, setting up the "temporal power" in the City of David?

Has He not given the answer Himself: "My kingdom is not of this world." Jesus does not say: "Whoever dares to think otherwise than I, let him be anathema"; He does say: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Jesus does not say: "Whosoever shall depart from the orthodox faith, let him die the death." He does say: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me, and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." And does not Jesus specifically command His disciples to be subject to the political power of the state even though that power was pagan and idolatrous: "*Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari: et quæ sunt Dei, Deo*"?

The Vatican claims that it exercises despotic authority as the spiritual heir of Peter, and that this despotic power was given to Peter by Jesus Himself, who designated Peter prince of the apostles, and subordinated them to Peter's supremacy. I venture to say that there is no warrant in the New Testament for the

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claim that such authority was ever exercised by Peter, or that Peter himself ever dreamed of exercising it. This claim of the supremacy of Peter is a cardinal part of the Vatican's claims, and should be "sifted as wheat is sifted." The Vatican has always made much of the text, "*Tu es Petrus*"; but was it not said to all the disciples equally: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven"? And do we not find "the keys of death and of hell," not in the hands of Peter, according to the Apocalypse, but in the hands of "the Son of Man"?

Where does Paul acknowledge the authority and supremacy of Peter? Does he not, in writing to the Galatians, go out of his way to show that his authority is wholly independent of Peter, and equal to Peter's: "He that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me toward the Gentiles"? Did Paul recognize the authority of Peter, when he says: "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face," and rebuked Peter openly for hypocrisy. If this striking incident shows anything, it shows, not that Paul deferred to Peter, but that Peter deferred to James "the brother of the Lord." Again, James, who was not one of the Twelve, and so may be said to have held a lower place, nowhere in his Epistle refers to Peter, or recognizes his "authority." And Jude, when he wishes to recommend himself, refers not to Peter, but to James. John also is wholly silent as to any claim of Peter's supremacy. Is there not rather an implication of the independent spiritual authority of John in the Master's words: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

Finally, Peter himself nowhere says anything which might lead us to infer that he had any thought of his own supremacy. Does he not most touchingly describe himself simply as "a co-elder and a witness of the sufferings of Christ"? Peter's view as to the authority of elders and overseers, of priests and bishops, is purely spiritual, and in perfect harmony with the spirit of the Master. He expressly forbids the bishops to "lord it" over the faithful, declaring that their only authority should be that of holy example. And he most significantly adds: "Yea, all of you be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble." I have always thought that Peter's use of this phrase, "lording it over the inheritance," was

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a reminiscence of the words of the Master Himself: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Nothing could be plainer. The Master and His disciple, in the same words, declare that domination, assertion of authority, despotism, is the very negation of spiritual life.

And what has Peter to say of the "temporal power" claimed for so many centuries in his name? He is explicit: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king as supreme; or unto governors. . . . For so is the will of God. . . . Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." Will it be said that the sovereign thus recommended by Peter was distinguished by such piety that there could be no derogation in obeying him? But tradition tells us that Peter wrote this in Rome, under Nero, who had gained the throne by the poisoning of his predecessor, who poisoned his rival, caused the murder of his own mother, had one wife slain and himself killed another, and finally, after an ignoble and cruel life, found a shameful death at his own hand. If Peter could recommend obedience to the son-in-law of Messalina, what becomes of the necessity of temporal power?

III.

It seems undeniable that Jesus gave equal authority to all his Apostles, and that they all recognized this; and, further, that Paul and James, who were not of the Twelve, exercised exactly the same measure of influence and authority. This power was purely spiritual; that of a holy example, of fervor and aspiration; and it would have been utterly repugnant to any of them to call in civil force, or assert their rights "even to the shedding of blood."

The supremacy of Peter was an afterthought, when the See of Rome, by its position in the metropolis of the Empire, had acquired preëminent influence. But in the early days Rome did not claim to be the See founded by Peter; it was always the See "of Peter and Paul."

Other Sees were founded by the other disciples, and they were

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very far from recognizing any supremacy, in the sense of despotic authority, in the See of Rome. Saint John, ancient authorities tell us, founded the See of Smyrna. Polycarp, as the successor and disciple of John, went to Rome to Anicetus the bishop, to support the tradition of John against the tradition of Rome as to the celebration of Easter. The Fathers of the early period assert the equality of the disciples. Do we not find Origen writing: "If you hold that the whole Church was built by God on Peter alone, what will you say concerning John, the son of thunder, and each of the other Apostles?"

Irenæus also opposes the supremacy of Rome, and rebukes Victor I for excommunicating the Eastern bishops, who adhered to John's tradition concerning Easter. Tertullian disapproves of the assumption by the bishops of Rome of the titles of *Pontifex Maximus* and *Episcopus Episcoporum,* and distinctly denies the claim made by Zephyrinus of a certain superiority in the Roman See derived as a tradition from Saint Peter. Even Jerome, the pillar of the Latin Church, does not recognize the papacy in the full sense.

One has only to read, for example, the story of the Council of Nicæa to see that it was universally held that the only valid authority was that of the whole Church, and that the supremacy of Rome, in the later sense, had then no existence. The representatives of Rome at that great Council played no great part, and exercised no special prerogatives.

The creation of Roman supremacy was the work of men like the Roman rhetorician whom we know as Saint Augustine, the Roman citizen whom we know as Leo the Great, the Roman prætor who became the first Pope Gregory; and it was built on the ruins of the power of the Cæsars, who fell before the invading Goths. An understanding was reached between the Vatican and the new empire, under which each supported the other, and for centuries no election of a Pope was final until it had secured the approval of the Emperor. It is noteworthy that Pope Pius X owes his succession to the papal power to that age-old compact, if it be true that Kaiser Franz-Josef, as master of the Holy Roman Empire, exercised his right of veto against Cardinal Rampolla.

IV.

In defiance of the words of the Scripture and the practice of

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the Apostolic age and the early Fathers, the claims of the bishops of Rome to political power and mental domination steadily increased. It is written: "Either make the tree good, and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit." Let us consider the fruit of the tree.

As early as the Theodosian Code, we find the alliance with the civil power used as an instrument of persecution, and Gregory invoked the civil power against the Donatists, in perfect anticipation of the "Holy Inquisition." Hildebrand, who assumed the triple tiara as Gregory VII, went further; he asserted that all political authority was derived from the Pope. He made good his claim against the Emperor, and demanded that William the Conqueror should do allegiance for the throne of England. Here Hildebrand was met with flat refusal. Yet the Pope's claim to political suzerainty was made good. Innocent III succeeded where Gregory VII had failed. He brought the King of England to his knees, and forced him to become a vassal of Rome. To take other instances: in 1465 Pope Paul II deposed the King of Bohemia, and brought on a sanguinary war. Half a century later Pope Julius II deposed the King of Navarre. But the most signal instance of this political usurpation came in 1215, when Innocent III formally cursed the Great Charter of England, "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit: *Damnamus sub intimatione Anathematis prohibentes, ne dictus Rex eam observare præsumet, aut Barones cum complicibus suis ipsam exigant observari: tam Chartam quam obligationes. . . .*" Thus did the Vatican set its face like flint against the Charter of modern liberty.

Infinitely worse was another event of the same year. Summoning the bishops to Rome, Innocent III read to them the decrees which, after they had listened to them in silence, were recorded as the decrees of the Fourth Lateran Council. Among these were two of ominous note: one approving the massacre of the Waldenses, and the other establishing the "Holy Inquisition." It is not my intention to enlarge on that massacre, or to discuss the question whether Torquemada burned three thousand or thirty thousand "heretics." Let the dead past bury its dead.

But what must be insisted on is this; that the poison of despot-

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ism, once taken into the veins of an ecclesiastical organization, will always work deadly harm. There are evil powers in the heart which despotism kindles, and they bear horrible fruit of torture and massacre.

Yet, during this very period, there was abundance of the purest spirituality within the Church. To it belong the great names of Saint Francis, Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Thomas à Kempis, for whom one can have nothing but reverent admiration. These peerless souls, and multitudes of others less renowned, were the salt of the earth, the leaven of the Church, in a very real sense. For no one with reverent faith in the God of love can believe that the Church of Christ was upheld by the butchery of the Albigenses, the fires of the Inquisition. Was it not rather the spiritual power of the true followers of the Master, who "heard his commandments and kept them," which upheld the Church as on a rock? May we not believe in an unbroken succession of such saints, rich in love and purity, forming the soul of the Church within the temporal body, and breathing forth a spiritual power which kept the Church sweet through centuries of despotism and cruelty?

V.

We have seen that Origen, Irenæus, Tertullian and Jerome opposed the Roman bishop's claim to supremacy, and that Origen expressly declares that the Church was not founded on Peter alone. In like manner, we find the Council of Nicæa expressly recognizing other Sees—Antioch and Alexandria, for instance—as "Apostolic Sees," a title later appropriated by Rome. This question was the cause of the division between the Eastern and the Western churches. It was the claim of Gregory VII and of Innocent III to exercise supreme authority over these independent Apostolic Sees of the East which tore Christendom in twain.

In like manner, the claim of the See of Rome to exercise intellectual despotism over Christendom was the real source of the later division which sprang from the fiery protest of Martin Luther. There was crying need for purification. But had there been more moderate counsels on both sides, had the claims of the Vatican been abated, while the Reformers checked their violence, we might have had a strong and vital evolution of the Church without division, the vigorous spiritual forces of Northern Europe developing within its boundaries, in an atmosphere of light and

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liberty. We might have had the great movements of modern science, saved from materialism, growing up in an atmosphere of reverence and spiritual life. Had she not insisted on banishing intellectual liberty, the Church might have been saved from the ignominy of that famous decree: "We say, pronounce, declare that you, the said Galileo, by reason of the matters adduced in process, and by you confessed as above, have rendered yourself, in the judgment of this Holy Office, vehemently suspected of heresy, namely, of having believed and held the doctrine, which is false and contrary to the Sacred and Divine Scriptures, that the sun is the centre of the system and does not move from east to west, and that the earth is not the centre of the system. . . ."

We may say, therefore, that the tree is judged by its fruits. The Vatican's successive claims of supremacy, of civil suzerainty and intellectual despotism twice rent Christendom in twain, forcing the separation of the independent Apostolic Sees of the East, and driving into revolt the nations of Northern Europe, in the movement of the Reformation. And these same claims, and most of all that of intellectual despotism, lit the pyres of the Inquisition, spread massacre through the Piedmont valleys, gave hundreds up to torture and death, and wrought a myriad agonies through the Middle Ages.

VI.

What most imports us to recognize to-day is that Pius X is making exactly the same claims as the most extreme of his predecessors. He has openly declared that the separation of Church and State is a "pernicious error," and he evidently holds that the Church is higher than the State. But even more certain and much more significant is his steady adherence to the principle of intellectual despotism, as illustrated by the Syllabus, the Encyclicals, the Papal pronouncements. He firmly believes that he holds the right to say what Christians shall and shall not believe, whether as to the Scriptures, the early history of the Church or the facts and theories of science; and he is prepared to use every means in his power to compel obedience, "even to the shedding of blood." It is well for us to realize exactly what is going on within the Catholic Church; this spirit on the one side, and, on the other, countless ardent souls, including many among the priesthood, who are touched with the light, who have recognized the great results of science, and especially the splendid

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doctrine of evolution, which gives such scope to the majesty of God, and who, with this recognition, are far from anything like materialism, but are rather full of the brightest faith in spiritual life, and see all events around them as manifestations of the Divine. These children of the light are further filled with the true gentleness and charity which are the heart of the message of Jesus. They recognize, with sorrow, the evil part played in the world's history by spiritual and intellectual despotism, and they look forward with confidence to a day when the Catholic Church shall be regenerated under the perfect law of liberty.

May we not all share that hope, and, in sharing it, set forth the causes which, in our view, will make for the coming of that brighter day?

If we are right, and we call on history to vindicate us, the evil which for centuries overshadowed Europe like a nightmare has a clearly defined source: the principle of "domination." Jesus Himself set up no authority, but taught the perfect law of love and obedience to the divine will. For Jesus, orthodoxy was not a belief, but a life: "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me"; "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." There is no question here of any one declaring what another shall or shall not believe; there is a question of denying one's self, of hating one's life that one may keep it unto life eternal. There is no authority, but that of more perfect obedience to the law of love, the law of sacrifice. And those should exercise authority who most perfectly exemplify the spirit of the Master, and, by perfect obedience, are united in spirit to the Master. Even then their authority must ever be that of a holy example; they must never "lord it over the inheritance," and, if they win anything of the spirit of the Master, they can never so lord it, for does not the Master say: "I am meek and lowly in heart"?

VII.

Let us declare an irenicon. Let us recognize, in our human frailty, the ever-present temptation to dominate others, to force others to do as we wish, to think as we ordain. Let us admit that this evil ambition is widespread, that it has worked through all ages. Let us say that it was but natural, and hardly to be

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avoided, that this same vice of ambition should steal into the fold, and taint the hearts even of the followers of the lowly Nazarene. There arose the desire to dominate, the wish to command, the will to persecute; and the subtle mind, ever obedient to the false desires of the heart, forged excuses for these evil desires. Thus in the Church instead of the perfect law of liberty grew up intellectual tyranny, each party ordaining what others should believe, instead of trusting to the divine light in the heart of each to lead him into all truth.

Let us admit that, through the fall of the Roman Empire and the coming of the Goths, an opportunity was given for ambition to assert itself and, with much appearance of righteousness, to grasp after civil power and intellectual despotism; and that the seed thus sown bore much evil fruit. Let us take this long, sad history for a warning, and cast from our hearts that ambition to rule, through which the angels fell. If we, each in his several heart, shall kill out ambition, the desire to dominate the thoughts and acts of others, we shall find the whole tone and temper of the world around us softening and mellowing, and that gentle influence will in due time invade and transform the Vatican itself. The principle of domination once withdrawn, the way will be opened for the repair of the rending of Christendom caused by that principle's enforcement. The two parts of Christendom which divided on this principle in the sixteenth century may once more come together in brotherly union and concord. And once the claim of domination, of autocratic central power, is abated, the causes which forced the separation of the Eastern Apostolic Sees will have ceased to exist, and that great division also may be overcome. Then we shall see a Church truly Catholic, united by a common obedience to the spirit of the Master, and recognizing that that spirit is expressed through the whole body of those who obey the Master, the Light lightening every heart.

Nor need this irenicon be confined to Christendom alone. Shall we not find, once we abate the evil tendency to dictate the beliefs of others, that the differences between the sons of men are more of form than of substance; that all men of good-will, under whatever sky, have held in their hearts the same awe of the divine, the same hope of immortality.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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EGYPT'S ECONOMIC POSITION AND GOLD HOARDING.

BY MAURICE L. MUHLEMAN.

THE unusual occurrence in our financial circles of a manifestation of interest in the economic affairs of Egypt, is in large measure due to the imperative demand for gold to finance that country's cotton crop. The demand recurs annually, after August, in the London and Paris money-markets, which are called upon to furnish each season from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000, the amount depending upon the size and market value of the crop. Coming, as it did, at a time when all of the money-markets were being subjected to an extraordinary strain to conserve their available and potential supplies of gold, in order to support the enormous credit liabilities which have been so largely expanded during the past decade, its influence was felt even on this side of the Atlantic. Hitherto, our money-market had exhibited no indications of even a remote relation to that of the realm of the Khedive; but, perhaps, the circumstance that we have in recent years increased our purchases of Egyptian cotton—these reaching in the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1907, nearly 79,000,000 pounds, valued at over $16,000,000—served to stimulate the interest. Never before did we spend so large a sum for this cotton; for, even in 1902, when we took over 81,000,000 pounds, by far the largest quantity to that date, the values were only slightly in excess of $9,500,000.

The Egyptian demand for gold is advisedly characterized as *imperative;* for that country has at its disposal a commodity which the rest of the world generally needs in a much greater measure than Egypt needs the gold which pays for it, viz.: the long-fibre cotton, ranking next in value to our very limited product of the Sea Island variety, of which it is indeed, so to speak,

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an offspring. The demand for this fibre is almost as pressing as is that for food-products, and the majority of the Egyptian producers part with it only for actual gold; to them no paper representative of the yellow metal is acceptable; they know not credit, nor bank-notes, nor bills of exchange; hence gold must be sent out, just as in the United States cash alone can be used to move the crops at certain stages. Our own purchases of cotton from the land of the Pharaohs are usually settled by exchange upon London; it is not unlikely, however, that, had we been in a position to make advances directly by exports of gold to Alexandria, we might have obtained our proportion of the crop now coming in upon more advantageous terms than we shall have to pay hereafter.

It is not merely as a source of supply of cotton that Egypt merits our attention; the fact that having that staple to sell she has the power to command gold, and the further fact that the greater part of the yellow metal so acquired is practically withdrawn from monetary use, are circumstances that have not received adequate consideration in the estimates relating to the gold-supply of the world. The statistics show that a large amount has annually gone into hoards; like India, and in a less degree China, Egypt has become a place for the secretion of a substantial part of the world's annual gold product, diverting it from availability for monetary purposes. The evidence indicates that, except in certain short periods, the trade movement has been enormously favorable to this accumulation for nearly half a century, or since the period of maximum prices for cotton, due to the interruption of production during our Civil War. Although the statistics of the trade movement are not as complete as might be desired for the earlier years, say from 1861 to 1878, and are defective even for more recent years, a sufficient number of facts are available to clearly illustrate the remarkable conditions.

Before entering upon the discussion of trade returns, however, the general status of the country should be considered. Although nominally independent, Egypt is technically a vassal state of Turkey, paying in tribute annually nearly $3,500,000.*

While the area of the whole territory is nearly 400,000 square miles, the settled portion is slightly under 13,000 square miles

* The tribute was capitalized and sold by the Sultan to French investors.

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(say 8,300,000 acres), or a little more than the area of Massachusetts and Connecticut combined; but this contains a population of nearly 10,000,000 souls. The cultivable area, after deducting water areas, marsh and desert land, is 6,400,000 acres. With nearly 2,000,000 families, there are 1,150,000 landholders, cultivating about 5,340,000 acres; the great majority hold only small tracts. Cotton is now the chief product; formerly beans and grain were largely cultivated, but the facility with which the more valuable fibre crop can be brought out has caused a diversion of activity to this special industry. In 1892 the cultivated area was 4,961,000 acres, of which 864,000 were in cotton; in 1906 cotton occupied 1,506,000 acres; the product increased from 5,000,000 cantars* (666,000 bales) to 7,000,000 cantars (927,000 bales) in the period. The number of landholders in 1892 was about 660,000.

The revenues of Egypt are derived from a land tax, or rent, (which formerly contributed more than one-half the total); from duties on imports and exports; from railways owned by the state, etc. The chief single item of expense is the public debt charge; very considerable amounts have been expended upon public works, particularly irrigation projects, made necessary to utilize the waters of the Nile, absolutely the only means of supplying moisture for agriculture; hence the mainstay of the nation's life.

While, as stated, Egypt is semi-independent, this is to be qualified so far as the financial administration is concerned; in 1879 this was placed in the hands of two controllers, one appointed by Great Britain and one by France; in 1883 the French withdrew, and since then the British control has been supreme; Sir Evelyn Baring (later known as Lord Cromer) having been the dominant influence while acting as British Agent and Consul-General from that year until his retirement early in 1907. Control of the purse meant practically control of the Government. All the Great Powers of Europe are directly interested in the administration of the debt through the holdings by their bankers and investors of the Egyptian bonds, part of which the Powers guaranteed; but they have interfered very little with the policy of the British representative, who is backed by a small "army of occupation" (about 5,500 men) and assisted by a

* Cantar equals ninety-nine pounds; bales average about 750 pounds.

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considerable corps of foreign civil officials, chiefly British. It may hence be assumed that British interests were not neglected, and these have not always been in harmony with Egypt's greatest welfare. In 1885, the gold standard was adopted; Turkish, French and British gold coins are legal tender, the last named being preferred and most in use. Bank-notes have a very limited circulation, and only since 1898, when the National Bank was established with the power of issue.

An important factor in Egyptian affairs has been the Suez Canal, begun in 1859 and finished in 1869 under French auspices. Egypt had a large interest in this enterprise through ownership of one-half the Company's share capital of 200,000,000 francs (say $38,600,000); a part of this block of stock was distributed, and the remainder, about 44 per cent., was in 1875 sold to the British Government. Egypt is entitled to 15 per cent. of the surplus earnings after providing for interest charges on about $50,000,000 of bonds and other obligations, and 5 per cent. dividend upon the shares; and the entire property comes to the state in 1965. But the royalty of 15 per cent. was pledged for a loan in the seventies and foreclosed by the French holders in 1880; hence it yields nothing to the state.*

No little part of the troubles of the country, prior to the dual foreign control of the finances, was due to the lavish expenditures of the then Khedive, in enormous personal outlays, promoting enterprises not always profitable, causing personal debts which were later put upon the state. The Khedive had under his personal control over 900,000 acres of choice land until 1876, when, by reason of his financial difficulties, he surrendered this large tract to the state, his debts being assumed at the time by the issue of mortgage bonds thereon; as the lands are disposed of, the bonds are retired with the proceeds.

The land tax, or rent, a burden upon agriculture, was in 1882 about $25,000,000; for a series of years it produced less, but now it yields about the same sum to the treasury; it is, however, collected much more easily, being distributed among a larger number of landholders and over a larger area with more remunerative crops.

To further assist cultivation of the soil, an Agricultural Bank was established in 1902, to make advances, generally in small

* It has proved an enormously valuable asset to those who acquired it.

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sums, to farmers; loans ranging from $2.50 to $100 are made without mortgage, for short terms; larger ones, for longer terms, up to $2,500, are secured by mortgage; the average amount of the latter was, in 1906, under $300. The total sum loaned was reported to be $35,000,000; the rate for these advances was 9 per cent. until 1906, when an 8-per-cent. charge was fixed upon.

Turning now to the trade reports, as the indices of the economic status, it is desirable to divide the period covered, first taking up the years from 1861 to 1880, when foreign control became effective. The inaccuracy of the reports is partly due to the fact that, under the tariff laws, exports are valued at 10 per cent. less than the current wholesale market price of the commodities; and it is not improbable that imports have also been somewhat undervalued. The report of Lord Cromer for 1905 (p. 97) contains a discussion of this subject by one of the experts of the Government (M. Roussin); contrasting the British returns for five years with the Egyptian returns, a difference of fully $50,000,000 is shown, even after adding the 10 per cent. above referred to. This gives an average difference of fully 20 per cent., only partly offset by freight charges.

The eminent British statistician, Mulhall, gives the values of exports and imports as follows:*

	Exports.	Imports.	Excess Exports.
1861–70	£176,000,000	£64,000,000	£112,000,000
1871–80	130,000,000	52,000,000	78,000,000
Total	£306,000,000	£116,000,000	£190,000,000

A study of the several returns indicates that Mulhall allowed for the difference in valuations; he thus gives Egypt a credit balance with the rest of the world of something like $925,000,000. This appears large; but the circumstance that the cotton crop, which in 1861 was valued at $7,000,000, was estimated at $74,000,000 in 1864, indicates that the sum stated is not susceptible of material reduction.

With such a balance it is not surprising that large expenditure was indulged in by the Khedive; but the outlays were so great that borrowing became necessary. The country began in 1862-3 to permit itself the luxury of a national debt for the first time in its modern annals. The debt grew rapidly, and the conditions

* In "Balance Sheet of the World," 1881, p. 20.

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of the borrowing were onerous; the annual debt charge in the budgets averaged 41 per cent. of the total and caused periodical deficits; Mulhall estimates the amount of these from 1861 to 1881 at $460,000,000. He states that by 1880 the borrowing had been nearly $600,000,000 gross, upon which there was charged over $130,000,000 by way of discounts, and an even greater sum was chargeable to items which did not benefit the country. Obviously, the assumption of control of finances in 1879 came none too soon. Egypt's great wealth product was being dissipated.

The era of lavish expenditure gave the country, however, 943 miles of railway, the Suez Canal, harbors and other public works, sugar factories, and the former Khedival domains.

That the enormous trade balance was in substantial part liquidated by the importation of actual specie is clear; but no record thereof appears in the Egyptian statistics. Great Britain alone reports a loss to Egypt of approximately $95,000,000 in gold; and France furnished even a larger quota, as shown by incomplete data at hand; it may be safely assumed that the net gain for the period was as much as $200,000,000; but a large part of this went into hoards, absolutely unavailable as capital except for land purchases. Estimates give the sum in use for money purposes at $60,000,000 only, in 1883.

The new fiscal management soon brought about balanced budgets, and, ultimately, surplus revenues. While a part of the debt was extinguished, it was chiefly in the category of land bonds cancelled as lands were sold; and since other debts were incurred for extension of railways (now about 1,330 miles, valued at $115,000,000), and other public works, the total debt remains substantially the same as when the British took control in 1883, viz.: $468,000,000; but this does not include $12,000,000 of obligations issued for the very expensive Assouan Dam. The annual charge is, however, materially less than formerly, the bulk of the debt being at 4 per cent. and under, against 7 per cent. prior to the reconstruction.

The budget figures, which in the eighties showed under $46,000,000 of average revenues, gave fully $50,000,000 annual average in the nineties, and $75,000,000 for 1906. The expenses have been less than the revenues since 1887, when reserve funds were established which reached $50,000,000 at the end of 1904, and the total now stands even higher; $42,750,000 thereof has since been

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invested in securities. The reserve was accumulated in part to meet possible emergencies that might arise in connection with the water-supply, manifestly a wise precautionary measure; whether the investment of so large a part of it in securities was equally commendable is an open question, when the imperativeness of a possible emergency need is borne in mind.

Following are the trade returns and specie movements in millions of dollars from 1879, by four-year periods:

	Merchandise.			Specie.		
	Imports.	Exports.	Net Exports.	Imports.	Exports.	Net Imports.
1879–82	141.7	258.5	116.8	68.6	16.3	52.3
1883–86	164.2	230.1	65.9	47.6	25.0	22.6
1887–90	153.1	223.0	69.9	49.3	42.5	6.8
1891–94	181.3	256.6	75.3	57.3	44.0	13.3
1895–98	197.0	247.1	50.1	67.8	41.6	26.2
1899–1902	274.9	323.6	48.7	81.5	41.4	40.1
1903–06	406.1	421.9	15.8	135.2	51.8	83.4
Totals	1518.3	1960.8	442.5	507.3	262.6	244.7

Allowing for a net import of silver of about $14,700,000, the gain of gold was $230,000,000.

Having in mind that the exports were very considerably undervalued, it is not improbable that the actual credit in the trade movement was $640,000,000, and that some $400,000,000 was settled otherwise than by specie. The annual charge on the debt, almost all of which is held in Europe, and the Turkish tribute, are sufficient to account for more than this sum. Upon the other hand, there have been very large investments of capital by Europeans in Egyptian enterprises; furthermore, the tourist business, which brings annually a large sum to the country, has been increasing; hence, even allowing $1,000,000 for gold annually used in the arts, the reported gain of $230,000,000 since 1879 is not reducible. Nevertheless, the accepted statistics of the United States Mint Bureau give to Egypt a stock of gold of $129,000,000 for 1896, only $30,000,000 for 1902, $17,400,000 for 1903, and $87,000,000 for 1905.

For our immediate purpose it is of interest to note that $50,000,000 of gold was reported as in the treasury about the end of 1904, and that the banks at that time held $12,000,000, giving a total of $62,000,000 visible stock; estimates of the amount in current use are necessarily indefinite; but if the accepted one

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of $75,000,000, given in our Mint Report for 1906 (p. 82) is taken, the current stock might thus be placed at $137,000,000. It is obvious that, if the gain of $230,000,000 is considered, the sum hoarded is, as Lord Cromer says, *very large;* for there was unquestionably a very considerable amount of gold in the country (including hoards) at the end of 1878; if this sum was only $100,000,000, which is most conservative, the addition of $230,000,000 net in the intervening years would leave $193,000,000 unaccounted for, practically hoarded; indeed, the sum is probably $50,000,000 larger. It is well known that Egyptian hoards are numerous: there are, for example, 12,400 landholders possessing in all 2,356,000 acres of the most productive territory, hence enjoying large incomes, the surplus of which accumulates.

The trade returns for the four years last past indicate increasing imports; the net exports of merchandise averaged only $4,000,000 per year; yet the net imports of specie averaged nearly $21,000,000. Much more gold would have been imported but for the disbursement of the treasury reserves. Doubtless, introduction of new capital, as well as undervaluations of exports, accounts for the gain in specie. In 1906 alone the net gain was about $35,000,000; and despite the present stringency the movement to Egypt goes on, only slightly restrained.

The conditions brought about (1905-6) an era of speculation, particularly in real estate; values rose enormously, and expansion followed in other lines. A reaction from the inflated values has since taken place. But these incidents affected the cotton-planter in only a negligible degree; the price of cotton was well maintained, having ranged for "good fair" quality, between 14 and 21⅝ cents per pound in 1905-7, against 11½ to 19⅜ cents in 1903-5; in fact, prices reached the highest point in over a decade, with active demand, and they are at the moment at about 19 cents compared with 17¾ cents a year ago.

The question of special interest is whether this command of gold will continue. The policy of the Government has, as indicated, steadily favored agriculture, and it is certain that the development of the cotton industry will go on; the officials claim that regularity of the water-supply is now assured, and plans are already mooted to provide for an important increase in the irrigation and drainage facilities, which will render very large

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tracts of now unused land cultivable.* The funds therefor are available, and the policy of further enlarging cotton areas will prevail. Should the progress on these lines equal that made in the recent past, Egypt's power to demand gold will be proportionately increased. While it is true that food-products are now imported in much larger measure than formerly, because of the lessened production compared with home demand, the substitution of cotton has proved a great economic advantage. Comparing the decade 1888 to 1897 with 1906, exports of beans and cereals have diminished from $4,500,000 annually to practically nothing, whereas imports of cereals and flour increased $6,500,000; but exports of cotton and cotton-seed have increased $60,000,000 in value—a net trade gain of $49,000,000.

Lord Cromer in his last report intimates that the annual cotton crop may be increased to 10,000,000 cantars, as against the present product of 7,000,000. At the export value for the year 1906, it is thus possible that Egypt may have a solid credit item in trade of over $160,000,000 for cotton alone. It needs only to increase the crop by 43 per cent. to bring about the maximum; that percentage of gain was accomplished in the past decade. There will, therefore, probably be an even greater annual diversion of yellow metal to Egyptian hoards; an economic fact fully as important as that which has for more than seventy years been observed in the case of India, where $900,000,000 of gold has been absorbed by hoarding. All the arts of modern finance have failed to counteract this Oriental habit of depriving the world of so much of its basis for liquid capital.

M. L. MUHLEMAN.

* For example, the Wadi Rayan project, long ago proposed by one of our citizens, Mr. Cope Whitehouse. See U. S. Senate Doc., 104, 1906.

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WHITTIER.

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, LAMPSON PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

TUESDAY, December 17th, 1907, marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier. It is probable that his great fame was never greater than it is to-day; it also seems evident that he is a permanent figure in America, and that his poetry forms a permanent contribution to English literature. Just why this uneducated farmer should have become a major poet, while so many clever verse-experts of higher æsthetic temperament remain distinctly "minor," constitutes an interesting literary problem.

Whittier was born at East Haverhill, Massachusetts, of old Yankee stock. His father was poor, and the boy had to work on the farm. His school education was exceedingly scanty, and he was obliged to support himself during term-time by manual labor. Later he taught at the Academy, a (to him) detestable job; then he became a journalist in various towns in New England and the East. He fell in love with a Hartford girl, offered his heart and hand, and was rejected. He planned a journey in the Far West, which ill health caused him to abandon; the same unpleasant reason forced him to give up a political career, for which his soul burned with ambition. Under Garrison's influence he became an antislavery man, devoting many of the best years of his life to this unpopular cause; his wisdom, moderation and calmness in the conflict finally bringing him sharp rebukes from the leader, to whom such qualities were incomprehensible. After the war, he lived in contented seclusion, and died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on the seventh of September, 1892, having nearly attained the age of eighty-five years.

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He was essentially a lonely man. Romantic by temperament, susceptible to feminine charms, and exactly constituted for the happiness of love and domestic life, he was doomed to austere celibacy. Filled with curiosity for distant places, and having as contemporaries Irving, who spent over twenty years of his life in Europe; Cooper, who, besides his voyages, lived abroad seven successive years; Bryant, who made six excursions to the Old World; Longfellow, who knew Europe perhaps better than his native land—Whittier's travels were bounded on the north by the limits of New England, on the east by the neighboring shore, on the south by Washington, and on the west by Harrisburg. Brought up a Quaker, he was cut off from the cheerful human activities of New England churches, the most prominent feature of village social life. The curse of constant headaches and chronic insomnia made him almost a prisoner, or, as Barrett Wendell phrases it, he was "generally troubled by that sort of robust poor health which frequently accompanies total abstinence." But with all these discouragements, privations, and enforced renunciations, he seems to have preserved the temperament of a beautiful child.

Whittier wrote poetry from earliest youth up to the last moments of his life, his excellent poem to Oliver Wendell Holmes appearing about a week before his death. His successive volumes were the chief events in his existence. Now, if we could borrow a word from the science of Mathematics, we might roughly divide poetry into two classes,—Pure and Applied. Pure poetry would be poetry entirely sufficient unto itself; it gives pleasure merely; its final aim is Beauty. Poets of high distinction who have successfully endeavored to compose pure poetry are John Keats and Edgar Allan Poe. Applied poetry would include instances where the poet's art is applied to some great moral aim, as the religious elevation of humanity, or something still more specific, like the abolition of slavery. Most of Whittier's productions come under the head of Applied Poetry. He makes no claim to be either *Poeta* or *Vates*. He says:

> "Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
> No rounded art the lack supplies;
> Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
> Or softer shades of Nature's face,
> I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

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"Nor mine the seerlike power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

"Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own."

Whittier would seem to illustrate Tolstoy's definition of art; if I understand the Russian apostle, he maintains that Poetry, Fiction, and Drama should be written wholly under the impulse of the religious consciousness. For this reason he despises Shakespeare, and regards his own tracts as greater than "Anna Karenina." Whittier's poetic creed would surely please him.

To the sensation-seeker, Whittier's poems seem to lack many of the qualities that have brought permanent fame to other writers. The eternal and predominant theme of poetry—Love-Passion—is highly conspicuous by its almost complete absence; we search in vain for the salt of humor; there is very little internal struggle; for, while Whittier's religious faith was weak in dogma, it was strong in assurance; the swift march of his narrative is often delayed by didactic *impedimenta;* and his imagination seldom soars to a thrilling height. Yet he unquestionably belongs to the glorious company of true poets.

In the first place, he had something which is the only real foundation of Art, as it is of Character—absolute Sincerity. Both the man and the poet were simply incapable of deliberate falsehood. His best poems are transparent like a mountain lake. The pure in heart shall see God; and they see many lowly things as well, for their eyes are clairvoyant, unclouded by selfish desire. No taint of self-pity mars—as it does in Byron—Whittier's poems of Nature. He could not interpret Nature like Wordsworth, but he could *accurately portray in verse the things that he saw,* a very rare gift. His pictures of the New England winter landscape are too familiar to quote; but he is something more than a snow-poet. The very Genius of Summer is in these lines:

"Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold,
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,

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> And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
> Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
> The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
> Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
> Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
> With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
> Confesses it. The locust by the wall
> Stabs the moon-silence with his sharp alarm.
> A single hay-cart down the dusty road
> Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
> On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
> Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
> The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
> Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
> A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
> And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—
> Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
> To the pervading symphony of peace."

Such passages class Whittier among our foremost American poets of nature; and they prove that in fidelity to detail he was as sincere artistically as he was morally in his attacks upon slavery.

Again, if Hawthorne was, as has been happily said, the Ghost of New England, Whittier was its Soul. The rocky hillsides of the North Shore had complete dominion over his heart. And (whether we like it or not) New England, though narrow geographically, has always held the intellectual and moral hegemony of America. There was a vast difference between the Yankee farmer and a European peasant. The former owned the land that he tilled, as his fathers had before him. The Yankee farmers were often poor, often uncultured: but they were never servile; they were kings, recognizing no superior but God. Now, Whittier knew the Massachusetts farmer's life as well as any man who ever lived: and no one has ever expressed it better than he. His poetic realism is both external and internal. He gives us naïvely all the details of the farm, together with the spirit of the New England home. Busy men in city offices who had been born and bred in the country read "Snow-Bound" in a golden glow of reminiscence. The picture is simply final in its perfection, without and within. Not only is it perfect in outline, but perfect in its expression of the castlelike security and proud independence of the Home. The right word to describe the inner meaning of this poem is unfortunately not in the English language, and it

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is rather curious that we must seek it in the French. The French, as has been wearisomely pointed out, have no word for home; but we have no word that exactly expresses the significance of *foyer*. It is, however, the real basis of Whittier's greatest poem.

Finally, in the wide field of Religious Poetry, Whittier achieved true greatness. Some one has said that the Puritans represented the Old Testament, and the Quakers the New. Surely, no religious sect in the world has ever had a finer history in virtues of omission and commission than the Society of Friends. Whittier is primarily a Christian poet, a child of faith. He fulfils one of the highest functions of the poet—he not only inspires us in the midst of the daily work and drudgery, but he comforts and sustains weary and sore hearts. He followed the gleam. Like that old Churchman, George Herbert, Whittier's intense piety did not restrict one iota the bonds of his immense charity. The same spirit that kept him from hating the slaveholders made him a genuine admirer of men whose religious principles he could not follow. His poem, "The Eternal Goodness," embraces a larger number of true Christians than the Apostles' Creed. On the more positive side, it is pleasant to note his manly, sturdy defence of his sect in the verses called "The Meeting." I have always believed that this particular poem was inspired by Browning's "Christmas Eve." The definite attitude toward religious worship taken by both poets is precisely similar. They both cheerfully recognize the ignorance and uncouthness of the pious band; but there each chose to abide, for there each thought he found the largest measure of sincerity.

It is a splendid tribute to the essential goodness of popular taste that Whittier has triumphed and will triumph over all the modern sensational poets who delight in clever paradoxes, affected forms of speech, and in mentioning the unmentionable. The "Complete Poetical Works" of Whittier are aglow with the divine fire of a great Personality—a personality whose influence makes for everything that is best in civilization, and which had to so high a degree that childlike simplicity of which the Kingdom of Heaven is made.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER AND RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

"ANCESTORS."*

WHETHER Mrs. Atherton's latest volume, "Ancestors," represents her highest achievement in fiction it would be premature to decide; but this, at least, may be said with some confidence, that of all her novels it offers the best criterion of the strength and the weakness of her artistic creed, the triumphs and the failures of her literary methods. Whatever place is ultimately to be assigned to her works, it must be conceded that she stands apart from the other women novelists of America, since not one of them combines in like degree the broad, uncompromising outlook upon life, and the vigorous, almost virile, sweep of phrase and sentence that so largely determine the calibre of such a book as "Ancestors." Of all Mrs. Atherton's literary assets, the most valuable is her searching knowledge of men and women, her impartial recognition of evil and of good. She understands the potency of sex in all the ordinary relations of human life; she makes us feel the thrill of crude, basic emotions which so often lie just beneath the surface veneer of culture and convention. Every now and then she flings before us some trenchant truth, some probing analysis that stirs us to a gasping wonder at the quality of her insight. If only her technique of construction equalled her frank and clear-eyed understanding of human nature she might be unhesitatingly placed very high among the exponents of the best realism.

It would be both foolish and misleading to suggest that Mrs. Atherton does not understand precisely what she is doing each time that she constructs a plot. On the contrary, while a book like "Ancestors" leaves the impression that she has not

* "Ancestors." By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers: New York.

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practised the best economies of her art, that certain episodes lack structural importance, that the story as a whole has the effect of being too loosely knit, there is an equally strong conviction that she has written in this way deliberately, sacrificing certain advantages for the sake of greater fidelity to the truth of life as she sees it. Of course, in real life, although we admit the ceaseless working of the law of cause and effect, there are a hundred daily happenings of which we do not pretend to understand the significance, careless words and deeds whose relation to the life stories that we are each of us living is quite hidden from us. It is, however, accepted as one of the fundamental axioms of narrative-writing that the author should act as an interpreter of life, carefully eliminating the non-essential, and with equal care making quite plain the structural importance of each character and episode that he introduces. Yet the realist, seeing how persistently the non-essential obtrudes itself, in the real world, at every hour of the day, feels that to leave out of a novel every person not directly concerned in the story, every event that does not carry forward the main action, is to leave out one of the ubiquitous elements of life, and to that extent incur the risk of seeming artificial. Naturally, there is some justice on each side of the question, and any rule that you lay down calls for a liberal construction.

A brief examination of "Ancestors" will make clear the point involved. It must in justice be recognized as a rather big book, full of brilliant pages and stirring scenes, and not seldom startling you with pitiless pictures of the naked souls of men and women. And yet, when you start to sum it up, to tell with the brevity of a ten-word telegram just what it stands for, you find yourself curiously at a loss. The story is so overlaid with side issues, so broken in upon by intruding characters, that it seems rash to say that Mrs. Atherton meant definitely a certain thing and nothing else. In the main, of course, the theme is the power of ancestry as compared with that of environment; more specifically a study of the contrast in development of the self-same strain of blood when exposed respectively to the conditions of English and American life. Apparently Mrs. Atherton's central thesis is that the inherited qualities which go to make the best type of Englishman would, under favorable conditions, produce the best type of American. For this purpose she chooses for her central figure

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a young English statesman, Elton Gwynne, who is already a leader in the House of Commons, and for whom his friends prophesy the office of Premier at no distant day. But the sudden death of Elton Gwynne's grandfather and cousin by raising him to the peerage crushes out all hope of political advancement, for in the House of Lords he will be buried alive. During the crucial weeks that follow, while he is slowly awakening to the certainty that his public career is at an end, he comes more and more under the influence of an American cousin, Isabel Otis, whose California home adjoins an extensive ranch belonging to Gwynne's mother. It is through Isabel's clear-sighted presentment of the case that Gwynne begins to entertain, at first laughingly, and then with growing seriousness, the proposition of leaving London, expatriating himself, settling on his California ranch, and in a new environment and under strange conditions carving out for himself the political career which Fate denied him at home.

It is difficult to give, in a brief analysis, an adequate impression of the graphic power with which Mrs. Atherton presents the contrasting pictures of conventional English life and the untrammelled freedom of the Far West. There is never for an instant a sense of flatness in the canvas that she paints with such bold and sweeping strokes. Everywhere you get an impression of seeing far down lengthening vistas, beyond which there are other distances, other phases of life that you cannot see, but only dimly guess at. A dozen times, in the earlier part of the story, the English part, you find yourself wonderingly exclaiming, "How she does understand these people! how she does see through them!" and, later on, when the scene has shifted to California, you find yourself even more emphatically expressing the same wonderment. Admirable, also, is the study of Elton Gwynne's gradual development under the new conditions, the successive steps by which he ceases to be an Englishman and becomes heart and soul an American citizen, aglow with the pioneer spirit and the pride of conquest. And one of the natural, almost inevitable, consequences of this change is the simultaneous awakening of Gwynne to a knowledge of his love for the American cousin, whose divergence from all the standards of womanhood his youth had known had at their first meeting distinctly repelled him.

Yet, big and complex as the volume is, full of the surge and rush of human crowds, the clashing interests of eager, striving,

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ambitious lives, one feels convinced that its seven-hundred-odd pages would have gained in strength with more compression, more simplicity, more definite correlation of the parts to the whole and to one another. That Gwynne's grandfather and cousin should die was a condition precedent necessary to his inheritance of the title; yet, with the one suffering from a feeble heart and the other a consumptive, their decease could have been compassed quite simply. There was really no need of dragging in an unsavory episode of a married woman, a rival, a quarrel at the club, a murder, and then the cousin's suicide, and his cruel farewell letter to the grandfather he hated, which gives the shock that kills him. That the riotous blood which flows in the veins of all of Gwynne's kinsfolk should now and again prompt them to strange rebellions against the conventions of their age and world is natural enough; one can understand the half-guessed frailties which for a generation had made Gwynne's mother, the Lady Victoria, the object of curious gossip; but the sudden degenerate impulse which, on the threshold of middle life, leads her to make herself notorious with a degraded San Francisco prize-fighter seems unjustified by any structural necessity of the main story. That Isabel, during the twenty-five years preceding her meeting with Elton Gwynne, should have met some other man who for a time stirred her heart, is quite within the rules of probability; but that she should have spent three of those years in an unchaperoned ramble through Europe, and largely in the Bohemian art circle of Munich, living in careless, if not actually questionable, relations with a worn-out wreck of a man, who dies just in time to save her from worse folly, and whose death she does not learn until she comes face to face with his shrunken and yellow corpse in the *Leichenhalle* at the cemetery—all this has about as little direct connection with the rest of the story as the interspersed tales with which the *picaresco* novelists used to break the continuity of their hero's adventures.

Mrs. Atherton's closing chapter pictures with undeniable power the tremendous, spectacular, awe-inspiring tragedy of the San Francisco earthquake, and the flames that followed in its wake. As a piece of sheer description, it compels wondering admiration. But structurally it adds nothing to the story. The destiny of the principal actors has already been decided. Gwynne's citizenship is a thing accomplished; his marriage to Isabel is arranged

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for even to the day and hour; their physical well-being and their heart's content are both assured; the earthquake adds nothing to them, and it takes nothing away. One can think of a dozen ways in which Mrs. Atherton could have woven that final scene into the very warp and woof of the story. Instead, it is simply a gorgeous drop-curtain, which descends after the play is finished, and while the band is playing, and the audience, with their backs turned, are passing out, their thoughts already fixed on other things.

And yet there is another aspect of "Ancestors" that goes far towards justifying that closing description of the flame-swept city. Mrs. Atherton has not deliberately assigned the leading rôle in her story to the city itself in the way that Zola assigned it to his city, in the novel called "Paris," so as to make our interest in the city's destiny paramount to that of any individual lives. Yet much of the time one feels that she herself, sub-consciously, perhaps, cares more for the life of the city, the throb of the city's heart, than for any man or woman in the book. That is why she has caught not merely her city's outward physiognomy, but its inner and vital spirit, in a way that has not before been done in fiction; so that the book will be remembered less as a chronicle of individual human beings than as a huge kaleidoscopic picture of metropolitan life, a monument to the old San Francisco which has passed away.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

IN THE DAYS OF JOHN HARVARD.*

THE clearest insight yet afforded into the environment and personality of John Harvard is due to an author who is neither a graduate of Harvard nor an American. Yet it would be the baldest chauvinism to emphasize the fact. The book before us seeks to picture the personality of an English scholar. John Harvard's youth was spent in London. His culture was due to Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Of his brief span of thirty-one years, only a little over a year was spent in the New England where his work lives after him to teach "that one disinterested deed of hope and faith may crown a brief and broken life with deathless fame." There is a fitness in the fact that an English

* "John Harvard and His Times." By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company.

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man of letters familiar by inheritance and association with the larger part of his theme should have given us, on the three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth, our most vivid and plausible picture of the earliest benefactor of education in this country. Mr. Shelley has realized a charming and persuasive atmosphere, but the facts, if we follow modern insistence upon sources, were due most of all to the investigations of the American antiquarian, Mr. Henry F. Waters. The historical results of the researches of the last twenty years were summarized by Mr. Waters in the June number of the "Harvard Graduate's Magazine."

It is no detraction from the supplementary value and interest of Mr. Shelley's work if we recognize at once that his is a secondary book. There is no question of such discoveries of sources among old wills and musty records as crowned the work of Henry F. Waters nearly a quarter of a century ago. Up to that time our knowledge was almost a blank. In the decade which brought the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harvard, Benjamin Pierce, in his History of Harvard College (1833), was forced to pass over the founder with little more than mention. President Josiah Quincy, in his history (1840), could only say, "That John Harvard was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, emigrated to this country in 1637 and was immediately admitted a freeman of the Jurisdiction and a member of the church in Charlestown is all that is known concerning him with distinctness and certainty." Two years later James Savage, author of the famous "Genealogical Dictionary of New England," searched England for new material and found practically nothing beyond John Harvard's signature at Emmanuel College. There were no claimants in response to his offer of $500 for five lines of exact information.

But in 1883 Mr. Waters was commissioned to institute a search which began with a most exhaustive reading of old wills at Somerset House. The clues finally obtained by this Harvard graduate led to results of extraordinary interest. Briefly, he found who John Harvard was and where he belonged. He identified his father—like Cardinal Wolsey, John Harvard was the son of a butcher—and traced his mother, Katherine Rogers, to the home of her father, Thomas Rogers, in Stratford, where the latter was a butcher and corn-chandler, of large affairs according

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to Halliwell-Phillips, and an associate of Shakespeare's father in the government of the town. The identification of John Harvard with the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, where he was christened, was made complete. The old Queen's Head Inn, which Mr. Waters visited and Mr. William Rendle described in his "Inns of Old Southwark" (1888), was shown to be as the largest single item of property left to John Harvard by his mother.

This outline of salient results seems desirable in view of a certain lack of detailed acknowledgments in Mr. Shelley's pages. He brackets Mr. Waters and Mr. Rendle together in phrases which, as regards the former, seems to us singularly incomplete. It would have been fitting also to make some special mention of a little book published in 1894, Dr. Thompson's History of St. Saviour's Church, with its records of associations with kings and queens, cardinals and martyrs, and names high on the roll of English men of letters. But so much of stricture in passing tempers but slightly enjoyment of the painstaking and ingenious re-creation of atmosphere in the only book which has been devoted to John Harvard's life and times.

In outlining literary and political characteristics of his earlier years, it has been obviously necessary to indicate the keynote of Puritanism at once, and the book naturally becomes a picture of the vicissitudes of English Non-conformists in the generation which followed after the death of Elizabeth. The persecutions by Laud, which drove so many Puritan ministers to New England —Cotton and Hooker are among them—are vividly reflected in the earlier chapters. As to the daily life, the studies and tempered recreations which young Harvard must have shared, a plausible reconstruction has been effected from the note-books of a neighbor, one Nehemiah Wallington. Elsewhere, particularly in the years at Emmanuel College, this method of inference from contemporary documents has been applied with results enlightening and full of interest, though naturally lacking scientific exactitude.

In one case, however, the author's zeal in historic restoration leads him far afield. If Shakespeare were not Shakespeare we should hardly have so elaborate an argument that he may well have been the means of bringing together the father and mother of John Harvard. We have seen that the father of John Harvard's mother was a neighbor and associate of Shakespeare's

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father at Stratford. From 1596 to 1611 Shakespeare himself was associated with Southwark. The Globe Theatre was there, and there in St. Saviour's Church, where John Harvard was christened, November 29, 1607, William Shakespeare, less than a month afterward, stood by the grave of his brother Edmund. The incongruity of close association between the Puritan butcher, Robert Harvard, and the actor-playwright is manfully met by the author, but that Shakespeare was the match-maker must be accounted as somewhat far-fetched, if ingenious, speculation. Mr. Waters, in pointing out the connection, simply says: "It is fair to suppose that Shakespeare was acquainted with his townswoman, John Harvard's mother, and he may, in his younger years, have taken part in some play performed in the yard of the Queen's Head Inn."

Again and again the reader finds himself indebted to Mr. Shelley's research into the life, manners and customs of the times. Now it is the processions through Southwark, which John Harvard must have witnessed as a boy. Later, when at twenty he entered Emmanuel College, Mr. Shelley is unwearied in sketching not only the Puritan atmosphere at Emmanuel, but also the personality of instructors and students, and such suggestive bits of color as the visit of Charles I and the award of a degree to Rubens, both of which John Harvard must have seen. But the younger sons of Harvard should doubtless be more heedful of the fact that his name never appears among those set down for "admonitions," and that he took the B.A. and M.A. degrees in the minimum time. The modern undergraduates may read with a keener relish than their president that football received the official approval of Emmanuel College in John Harvard's time.

When the young graduate returned from the Commencement of July, 1635, it was to a home made vacant by the death of the mother to whom, and to the brother Thomas, Harvard University also owes a debt of gratitude. He held the first place in her will. In April, 1636, came his marriage to his friend's sister, Anne Sadler, in the church of South Malling, where the entry has been identified, and there followed his final decision, doubtless long a matter of debate, to emulate others of his belief who had sought religious freedom in a new land. The collection of a library, the sale of some of his inherited real estate in Southwark, and

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other preparations must have occupied him up to the time of sailing in the spring of 1637; and his voyage may well have lasted for twelve weeks.

It was the irony of fate that this young clergyman, fleeing from religious persecution and false doctrine, should have arrived in Charlestown in the midst of the bitter theological warfare evoked by the "Antinomian heresies" of Anne Hutchinson. Nevertheless, there was a vacancy in the Charlestown church and there he was installed not as pastor, but as "teacher," his duty being "to explain and defend the doctrines of Scripture." Land was assigned to him, he built a house, and interested himself in his duties and in the affairs of the colony. To him, fresh from the English university, the college authorized by the General Court clearly appealed with peculiar force. His own time was short; it was for him to pass on the torch, and when his last hours came, September 14th, 1638, although he left no written will, he made it clear that one-half his estate and all his library should be given to the new college at Cambridge. The legacy of money alone was probably double the amount originally appropriated by the General Court. But it was due to the Court that the college took his name. His legacy was without conditions. There was no thought of self-aggrandizement. The days of this most modest benefactor were not the days of oil and steel.

No portrait of John Harvard has come down to us. No line of his writing, not even his autograph, is preserved in this country. Only one book remains from his library. Although a monument to his memory was reared in Charlestown in 1828, the exact site of his final resting-place continues open to question. We have the more reason, therefore, to value this book, which synthesizes in popular form the results of researches into his life and provides a more definite—we may almost say a more intimate —understanding of his life and surroundings than we have ever had before. The three hundredth anniversary of John Harvard's birth comes at a time when the record of his stainless, unselfish life may be pondered to good purpose. In the words of President Eliot at the unveiling of French's ideal statue in the Harvard Delta in 1884, "This pure, gentle, resolute youth will teach that the good which men do lives after them, fructified and multiplied beyond all power of measurement or computation."

RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

ST. PETERSBURG.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction in contemporary Russian history, where wonders are daily wrought by revolutionaries even when they are only mischievous scholars playing truant. Feats that might well seem impossible to intrepid soldiers are achieved with ease by beardless boys. A few days ago fifteen striplings held up a train on the South Western Railway and carried out an elaborate plan with the thoroughness of a Japanese army corps. Nowadays trains are accompanied and protected by special armed guards, but these enterprising lads bound the guards, the watchmen, the engine-drivers, the conductors, the comptrollers, and then terrorized hundreds of passengers and set to work. Unable to force open the safe, they blew up the luggage-van with dynamite, setting fire to it; they then robbed the mail-wagon, detached the engine from the train and departed on it, leaving the passengers helpless. All Russia marvelled at the push and energy of these youthful citizens. Equally characteristic was the exploit of a lad, a few days later, who, entering a second-class railway-carriage, pulled out his revolver and cried, "Hands up!" And all hands went up, except those of one passenger, who, unarmed as he was, rushed at the bandit, knocked him down and called upon his fellow travellers to help him. But the fellow travellers all sat still as if kept in position by some wizard's spell. Finally, the highwayman escaped, leaving his revolver behind, leaped from the train and made off in the darkness unscathed.

Youth which ought to be the hope of the nation is thus become the source of its fears. That is the burden of nearly all the plaintive utterances one hears on the decay of Russia. One of the most recent of these emanates from Count Tolstoy, the vener-

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able sage of Yassnaya Polyana, whose literary jubilee of over half a century has been allowed to pass unnoticed. No, not wholly unnoticed: shots were fired at his house by some lads, who went unpunished. At the tea-table, next day, the Count said:

"Youth no longer shows respect to age. I recollect a venerable old peasant named Yermiloff, who dwelt here in Yassnaya Polyana. He had a large family, and whenever the members quarrelled he was their judge. He was wont to lock up his daughters-in-law in two different rooms of the ground floor when they fell out. And such was the authority he enjoyed that his decision was never questioned. Now it is quite different. The old folks tell me that the young people refuse to acknowledge their authority.

"The other evening I was coming home from a walk in the park when the voices of children reached me from behind the trees. They were reviling each other in the coarsest and most obscene words. My first impulse was to pass on. Then it occurred to me that one of my own pupils might be among them. How could I walk on if that were possible! Well, I drew near to the group of children, and sure enough there was one of my former pupils, a pretty boy of twelve. But his glance was no longer pure, his eyes no longer those of a child. . . . I spoke to him. Was he not ashamed, I asked, to have uttered such coarse words? 'It wasn't me,' he answered, telling a lie. I pointed out to him that he, being the eldest among these children, was spoiling and ruining them. 'Ho! ho!' exclaimed the little boy provokingly and without winking. 'You should hear how they swear! Much worse than I.' Such an impression as this is unspeakably painful. The picture which it conjures up in my mind's eye is that of an upturned glass. Pour out as much water as you will, it will flow down the sides. Not a drop can enter the glass. Truly, it is terrible."

The press is largely responsible for this demoralization of Russia's youth. It exhorted the students and scholars to quit the lecture-halls for subterranean meetings of revolutionary societies, it helped to turn the temples of science into debating-rooms and bomb factories and it gave its readers falsehood as daily nourishment and truth only as medicine. And as for Russian parents, the least bitter thing one can say with truth is that they are even more difficult to educate than their children.

"One of the characteristic traits of our liberation movement," writes the chief Russian paper, "and of the press that illustrates it, is unfortunately glaring, shameless falsehood. This weapon is, so to say, hallowed by tradition. . . . Untruth is everywhere; like a cobweb it covers Russian life in all its aspects, veils its eyes, hinders it from seeing, dulls its hearing. Meanwhile the human

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spiders diligently spin their web, zealously invent lies, eagerly deceive and dissemble, yet drape themselves in the toga of integrity which becomes them as a saddle might become a cow."

It is not merely that political fanatics, who think that the end justifies the means, deliberately give currency to an untruth. But lies are the very staff of life, as it were. Circumstantial stories of every conceivable kind are therefore invented and given to the world. A short time ago, one of the most widely read journals in St. Petersburg, commenting upon the need of elegance in life, informed its readers that the walls of the Café Luitpold in Munich are decorated with splendid frescoes painted by Lenbach. As a matter of fact, Lenbach had neither time nor inclination to decorate *cafés*, and he never painted a fresco in his life.

That the press organ of the Russian League should accuse the Finnish people of hatching a plot to kill the Tsar by running his yacht on to a rock is not surprising. For the motive is manifest. But for that very reason the calumny is harmless. Few people now favor the odious theory put forward by the "*Russkoye Znamya*" to account for the accident to the Tsar's yacht. Everybody finds the explanation adequate which Russian negligence affords, and many monarchists fear that this ingrained predisposition to perfunctoriness will one day give the terrorists the opportunity which they are now eagerly seeking to slay the Tsar and strike his adherents with panic. Only a few days ago the central press organ of the revolutionary party frankly, nay, brutally, expressed the conviction that soon a real trial would take place of genuine regicides for the slaying of the Tsar. Unhappily, forewarned is not forearmed in Russia.

Miracles of thoughtlessness amuse or horrify the foreign observer of Russian life almost every day. But they are one and all of the type which was so admirably illustrated by an amazing incident that occurred in the early days of the reign of Alexander II. In May of the year 1857 the Grand Duke Nicholas was on board a steamer sailing down the river Volkhoff. As the captain, a Russian, did not inspire much confidence, an English captain, resident in St. Petersburg, was hurriedly sent for and installed on the bridge. It was a measure of precaution, nothing more. The Englishman, taking it for granted that things were what they seemed to be, bade the stokers do their work well. He could not assume that the furnaces and boilers were defective,

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and he was consequently stupefied to learn that the flames were coming out through a long hole in the metal and that the ship was in danger of being burned to ashes. The captain gave orders that the fire should be extinguished. Buckets were accordingly fetched, filled with water, and then found to be useless, owing to great cracks through which the water leaked out. Undaunted, the British seaman ordered the men to lower the life-boat. His command was quickly obeyed, but it was inefficacious because the boat, being dried and warped, had large cracks and on reaching the water sank before his eyes. Disgusted, the captain had a hawser cast to the bank of the river, but as it had been long out of use it was rotten and snapped. Finally the Grand Duke, the captain and all the human beings on board forded the river without difficulty and then saw the ship burn to the water's edge.

But if the "Nichevo"* mood and implicit trust in St. Nicholas are the bane of the common people, formality and routine are the undoing of the upper classes. Use and wont give rise to a number of suppositions and stories which have no foundation in fact. Here is one sensational tale which lately grew out of the habit which soldiers and officers are obliged to cultivate of answering their superiors in the words, "It is exactly so" *(tochno-tak)*. During the manœuvres at Krassnoye Selo this summer, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevitch was on the field following the evolutions of the troops. He is the personage whose life was twice attempted last winter and whose influence with the Emperor, which is sometimes decidedly beneficent, is nearly always considerable. The attacking body of soldiers having fired, the Grand Duke, who is no coward, suddenly rose up in his saddle, grew pale and moved aside to consult with a group of officers. Then a general rode over, and addressing the commander of the attacking troops, asked how it happened that one or more of the soldiers had used ball cartridges. The officer lost his head, stuttered, denied the allegation and fell silent. The general said: "But the bullet fell at His Imperial Highness's feet. Here [turning to some officers behind him], is not that so?" "It is exactly so, Your Excellency," was the reply. Exactly. They were accustomed to make this reply, and they made it. And it lent color to a story which was utterly groundless. The commanding

* "Nichevo" means, among many other things, "Never mind," "Don't worry." It is constantly in the mouths of Russians.

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officer, having recovered his reasoning powers, began to explain that ball cartridges could not have been distributed, but the general rode away, leaving the story on record. The truth would seem to be that, so elaborate and numerous and effectual are the precautions taken, a mistake is practically impossible. Yet the legend is now believed that among the troops in camp a couple of months ago certain officers and men conspired to take the life of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolayevitch and went the length of firing at him.

Political passions in Russia are gradually subsiding. Things and persons are beginning to be seen in correct perspective. The masses yearn for peace and are willing to pay heavily for it. They are no longer concerned whether the Duma snatches more prerogatives from the Tsar than he accorded in his Manifesto. In the elections, they take but little interest, most of the qualified voters keeping away from the polling-booths. The Government, willing to work with any Chamber, hopes great things from the third Duma, and is covering $5,000 worth of paper with bills and proposals for its consideration. But perhaps the most characteristic of all these signs of the times are the "Home-comers." These are political convicts who, having escaped from the prisons, the strongholds and the penal colonies of Siberia, are voluntarily coming back. The phenomenon is unprecedented. The curious people of Siberia asked the returning convicts for an explanation. "The general stagnation of things political, and the difficulty of obtaining revolutionary employment," was the answer. "The miseries of an illegal life are easily borne," one of the home-comers added, "when they are outweighed by the consciousness that you are doing good work. But when you lack this set-off illegal life is unbearable."

WASHINGTON, *November, 1907.*

WHEN President Roosevelt heard of the failure of the Westinghouse corporation, he is said to have ejaculated naïvely, "Why, I never meant to hurt Westinghouse!" The company in question, as its receiver will easily be able to demonstrate, was and is solvent, but its notes, which were negotiable anywhere three months ago, could not be discounted at the time of the corporation's collapse, owing to the state of the money market. A great manufacturing company must, of course, meet with cash

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many of its continually recurring obligations. The sphere of the Westinghouse Company's operations, moreover, had of late been extended greatly, though by no means beyond the compass of its resources had the normal conditions of credit prevailed. Unfortunately, the delicately poised structure of credit, which, as regards the ratio of its dimensions to currency has been compared to a pyramid standing on its apex, had been jostled rudely, with the result that legal tenders were unprocurable in quantities adequate to the needs of the American community. The spectacle which we have witnessed during the last few weeks has recalled that which was presented in the United States during 1837, not long after the beginning of Van Buren's administration. When President Jackson had withdrawn the Government deposits from the United States Bank, he had dealt a deadly blow to the resources and the credit, not only of that corporation, but of a multitude of dependent and affiliated concerns. The grave consequences of the act did not disclose themselves immediately, but the ultimate outcome was the destruction of public confidence, not only in bank-notes, but in every species of commercial paper. Enterprise was paralyzed; commerce halted; the myriad wheels of industry were stopped. It seemed scarcely worth while for farmers to sow seed beyond what would suffice to meet their personal wants, for there was no certainty that a surplus could be disposed of at a profit. No historian of the period has expressed a doubt that, had the panic of 1837 occurred a year earlier, not only Jackson's policies, but Jackson himself, had he come forward for a third term, would have been repudiated loudly and fiercely at the ballot-box. As it happened, Jackson's favorite lieutenant, Van Buren, was left to bear the brunt of the storm, with the result that he was beaten overwhelmingly when he came up for reëlection in 1840. Unquestionably, Van Buren was a scapegoat for Jackson's sins. Mr. Roosevelt has been less fortunate than the hero of New Orleans. The Roosevelt panic has taken place a twelvemonth before the end of his second term. It is possible, of course, that the devastation threatened by the Roosevelt panic may be checked and circumscribed, thanks to the self-sacrificing efforts of some of the very financiers whom the President has striven persistently to injure in public esteem. We say *self-sacrificing,* for it is obvious that a banker who has at his disposal, or can procure easily, ten, twenty, thirty millions

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of dollars in cash, could double or treble his capital by simply remaining passive, and allowing a panic to take its course, before making investments. To lend money at ten per cent. at such a critical conjuncture, when more than a hundred per cent. had been offered, is recognized throughout the land as an act of magnanimous beneficence.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the Roosevelt panic has been quelled, and that the President's popularity, though impaired by it, has not been extinguished, we are still confronted with the question, Could the present occupant of the White House obtain a third term, if, in spite of his repeated declarations, he should let himself be persuaded to accept another nomination? It is certain that the chatter about a third term for Mr. Roosevelt is gathering volume at Washington, and the assertion is now often made in quarters usually well informed that, under certain circumstances, he may be prevailed upon to run in 1908. Those who desire to see the President the next Republican nominee allege that there has been no wide-spread and vehement protest against the suggestion, and from this circumstance they deduce that silence has already given assent. They forget that the deep-rooted hostility of the American people to a third term has not yet been provoked to earnest expression, because few people have believed that, under any conceivable pressure, the President could be prevailed upon to forswear his proclaimed determination not to accept a renomination. They ought to take warning, however, from the fact that already Mr. Roosevelt has had his Burchard in the person of a professor in a Western college, who, with amazing fatuity, has declared at a public meeting that the national welfare demands that the present Chief Magistrate shall be elected a King for life. This, in spite of the fact that experience has shown that the life-tenure of executive power, whether the office bear the title of Princeps, Mayor of the Palace, Lord Protector, First Consul or Prince-President, is apt to be transformed into an hereditary sovereignty. Amusing as this incident is, it undesignedly foreshadows the storm of obloquy and derision to which Mr. Roosevelt would be subjected should he defy an unwritten law of the republic and try to accomplish that which Washington, Jefferson and Jackson refrained from essaying, and in trying to attain which even the Man of Appomattox succumbed.

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The circumstances under which the anti-third-term tradition was established, and also the outcome of the crucial test which it bore in 1880, have of late been recounted lucidly and briefly in the twenty-third volume of Hart's American Nation Historical Series. The author of that volume, Professor Edwin E. Sparks, of the University of Chicago, recalls that a proposal made in the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 to limit the Presidential term to seven years, but to make a President ineligible for a second term, was rejected, and that, consequently, Washington, the first Chief Magistrate, was at liberty to serve as many terms as public desire and his own judgment might dictate. Yet, contemplating retirement even toward the close of his first term, he wrote to Madison that "the spirit of the Government may render a rotation in the elective offices of it more congenial with the ideas of liberty and safety." Having consented to accept a second term because of the "perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations," he rejoiced four years later that the condition of the Republic no longer rendered "the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety." Professor Sparks goes on to remind us that in 1807 President Jefferson directed attention to the danger lest, "if some termination to the services of the Chief Magistrate be not fixed by the Constitution, or supplied by practice, this office, nominally for years, will, in fact, become for life; and history shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance." Jefferson's determination to avert this menace, and to observe the "sound precedent of an illustrious predecessor," was praised in the press and at public meetings: rotation in the Presidential office was declared to be the bulwark of freedom. Between Jefferson and Jackson no Chief Magistrate was sufficiently popular to put this principle of the "unwritten Constitution" to the test, and Jackson had advocated so persistently in his Messages to Congress the adoption of an amendment prohibiting even a second term, that he could not think of accepting a third without stultifying himself. Fortunate was it, as we have said, for Jackson's reputation that he did not accept a third term, for, within a few months after he left the White House, the appalling panic of 1837 broke out, and his favorite for the succession to himself, Van Buren, was defeated easily in 1840, when he ran for the second term, because he was looked upon as per-

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sonifying Jackson's financial policy, which had come to be detested.

So firmly planted became the antagonism to Presidential self-succession, that the six elected Presidents who followed Jackson served but one term each or less, and Lincoln was the first in a quarter of a century to be chosen for a second term. For Grant, also, who, at the head of great armies, had won victory after victory, and who had received the principal share of credit for the restoration of the Union, a second term was secured, but the recognition of the vastness of his services could not prevent a revival of the old dread of a third term long before his second drew to a close. Soon after Grant's second election, the cry of "Cæsarism" was raised, and continued to be heard until "No Third Term" became a shibboleth, so that Grant's name was not even presented to the Republican Convention of 1876. When, however, early in 1880, Grant returned from a three years' tour of the world, he was greeted with an outburst of popular enthusiasm which some of his former lieutenants mistook for a desire to have him returned to the Presidential chair. It will be remembered that Conkling brought New York into line for a third term for Grant; that Logan did the same thing for Illinois, and Cameron for Pennsylvania. Several minor States followed in the wake of these great commonwealths. Moreover, many persons who in 1876 would have opposed giving Grant a third term, supported him in 1880, on the ground that the precedents ran only against a third consecutive term, and that the four years which had elapsed since Grant left office had removed his disability. In spite of the plausible, though essentially unsound, distinction thus drawn, the cries of alarm of four years before were reheard, and Cæsar, Cromwell and Napoleon were brought forward as examples of civic menace in a military hero. The result is well known. In the Republican National Convention of 1880, Grant never got more than 312 votes, while 379 were necessary for a choice. Then and there was it supposed to have been demonstrated that there is to be no third term for an American President, even if it be not consecutive.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

The Lesson of Aspasia.

We have never been able to understand why discursive communications marked "personal" or "not for publication" should be addressed to an editor; the very act is an impertinence, implying, as it does, complacent belief, on the part of the offender, in his possession of deeper knowledge or better morals or a finer spiritual quality, besides being cowardly if technically honest, or deceitful if shrouded in the ambiguity of a questionable signature. Persons who write such letters are like boys who, angered because of their expulsion from an apple-orchard, await the cover of darkness to vent their spite by hurling pebbles at the farmer's windows. Their effusions produce little effect upon the mind of even a novice and none at all upon that of one who has grown to regard, if not with disdain, at least with indifference, the immature opinions of the normally careless reader. The properly constituted and suitably trained editor, if not unduly vain, may feel measurably grateful to one who supplies him with information that otherwise he could obtain, if at all, only at great cost of time and energy; but individual views he holds lightly, even condescendingly, since already he possesses many more, such as they are, than he will ever be able to convey. But in the mind of casual quality the sense of due restraint yields readily to that of impulsive resentment, and timidity crowns the irresistible outburst with a mandate requiring concealment of identity. A letter from a woman thus afflicted with a grim determination to make known her views without accepting the responsibility for their utterance lies before us. It is marked with redundant emphasis "personal and *not* for publication"; but while, of course, we would not divulge the identity or betray the confidence of a foolish lady, even with her full permission, there seems to be no impropriety in reproducing

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her sentiments behind the screen of anonymity. This, then, is what she writes in impatiently virile characters:

SIR,—I cannot let your philippic on woman go by—unrebuked.

Across the margin of my September NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW against that article I wrote:

"What this writer should do is to go back to the ancientest of ancient history, read up and acquaint himself with woman's achievements to the present time, and see how thoroughly man is eclipsed wherever *she* has had an inning. Another suggestion is that this writer cover himself with chagrin, and pray to be stayed with charity."

I think alongside of your remark, that "woman is a being so complex that only Divinity Himself would have had the hardihood to fetch her into existence," you should have added the opinion of that satiric poet, Hipponax, that "a man has only two pleasant days with his wife—one when he marries her, the other when he buries her."

I thought this number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an unusually interesting one, but on nearing the end, when I found myself caught in the meshes of your article on woman, I assure you, as soon as I could extricate myself, I reverted again to my Athenian women—markedly Aspasia—as an antidote.

I feel very much like the Jew depicted in one of Hogarth's paintings. I do not recall the name of it, but the study is of a church of olden time, when pulpits were swung up high near the rafters, and the exhortations were ranting and boisterous. A Jew with pack on back, pipe in mouth, looks in through the window as he passes, and audibly "thanks God he is not a Christian." When I had finished your article, I thanked God not only that I was a woman, but that there are still pens wielded by Hamilton Wright Mabies, who estimate women at their true worth.

I think we women can extend you *no* absolution.

Passing gently over the pointless allusion—in rather sophomoric phrasing—to the painting, and disregarding the unintended reflection upon a distinguished *littérateur* in referring to him as a group instead of as a segregated combination of lucid mind and kindly disposition unique and incomparable, we have left for serious consideration only the striking example of woman's supremacy thus firmly raised before our dazzled vision. Aspasia was, indeed, a genius. She was forbidden by the unique Athenian law to contract marriage with a citizen, but it would be a grave mistake to assume that she was thereby deprived of opportunities to achieve greatness. On the contrary, strange to say, her apparent disqualification was her real opportunity; for the high-born Athenian girl, seemingly more fortunate, when at length she

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was wedded to a husband who had been chosen for her by old women in her early years, was by custom relegated to the attic and forbidden that association with others which is essential to the development of mind and manners. But possessing neither beauty nor certain other attributes nowadays considered essential to the maintenance of a secure position in polite society, Aspasia's wit, wisdom, tact and charm sufficed to win for her a personal influence over learned men not wielded before or since by any woman. In common with all of the stranger-women, she was free to practise arts of pleasing, and was encouraged by custom to invent new methods of feeding the vanities of men. Undoubtedly, too, in studying how best to first ensnare and then enslave, she profited from the advice of the experienced philosophers, just as the gentle Theodota was guided by Socrates himself. That her ultimate success was purely intellectual is clearly evidenced by the fact that the most scrupulous citizens brought their own wives to her for instruction; but it is unlikely that the powerful Pericles would have been driven to the extremity of tears to win her acquittal from a sympathetic tribunal if, at the beginning, at least, her life had not been as sensual as that of the majority of her class.

But does not the real question relate less to the extent of Aspasia's influence than to the good or ill wrought by its exercise? It is true that she urged the unfortunate citizen women to strive to attain a higher level by cultivating attractiveness of mind and person; but she must have realized, possibly not without gratification, that advice so sardonic necessarily, however earnest, could avail little. In point of fact, indeed, the effect produced was quite the reverse of that apparently hoped for. The citizen women were depressed and the stranger-women were exhilarated by Aspasia's success; and from the day of her ascendancy the former lost ground steadily, and the latter became more and more prominent and influential, until finally the wives were lost sight of altogether. Not one of their names appears on the pages of history from Athens's golden age to its fall, while simultaneously the records abound increasingly in mention of the "companions." Nobody ever heard of Mrs. Plato, or Mrs. Aristotle, or Mrs. Epicurus, or Mrs. Isocrates; but Archeanassa, Herpyllis, Leontium and Metaneira were names familiar to every resident of Athens. So were scores of others. One writer painted fascinating pictures of one hundred and thirty-three; the comic poets

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chronicled their witty sayings and turned them into verse; sculptors, inspired by the dazzling appearance of the most beautiful woman the world has ever seen, preserved to posterity their fine features; artists, statesmen, teachers—all were at their feet.

Meanwhile, the wives remained at home caring for unloved children, and so lost to the refinements of their ancestors that before the end of the dismal story we are told that they ate like dogs, tearing away meat with their teeth and cramming it into their mouths. And yet, in theory and before the law, these neglected and degraded women continued to be responsible for the propagation of a race, while no burden rested upon the shoulders of those better equipped, but unrecognized by the State. From the downfall of the nation which inevitably ensued, are we not forced not only to conclude that the decay of Athens began with the ascendancy of Aspasia, but also to infer that no State can long survive the humiliation of one sex by the other, or even withstand the unavoidable effect of open disregard of what might be termed instinctive convention?

If so, the lesson is one well learned in these days of loosening marital ties, since it supplements that which has come to be regarded as only a moral requirement with a vitally practical reason for sturdy resistance to further encroachments upon the wholesome condition traditionally attained through matrimony.

The obviously studied, though no less thoughtless, reference of our correspondent to the "opinion of that satiric poet, Hipponax," to the effect that the only two pleasant days a man has with his wife are those of her marriage and of her burial, could find response only in the shallowest of minds. An observation based upon aught else than truth is not satirical, but silly—and such is this of Hipponax. The fact, as, of course, every one of experience well knows, is that the most trying and profanity-provoking days in a man's life are those when he marries and buries a consort. On neither occasion is he the central figure; on each he is an object of sympathy, rather than of envy; and his masculine spirit revolts against the enforcement of passivity no less than against the interruption of business. A week or so later, in both cases, he becomes reconciled, enthusiastically or decorously, as the case may be, to the requirements of fate; but for the time being he is the most wretched of beings. To offer as an authority upon a topic so vital to the human race a choleric humpback whose sole

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claim to distinction rests upon his invention of a choliambic measure substituting a spondee for the final iambus in an iambic trimeter is, to our mind, absurd. A "satiric poet," forsooth, who spared neither his own parents nor the gods, who never experienced even his own vaunted gratification at either marrying or burying a wife, because he never had one! A lot he knew about it as compared with us of the present enlightened day!

On Behalf of Satan.

As we approach the season when hearts are warmed by emotions of forbearance for saints and charity for sinners, it would seem to be fitting that somebody should say a good word for the devil. We fully recognize the disfavor in which he is ostensibly and somewhat ostentatiously held by those of us who would reluctantly admit, if pressed, that we may be better than our neighbors; and we appreciate the odium likely to be incurred by one who pleads for anything like a "square deal" for a cosmic politician whose regard for righteousness suffers sadly from the nature of his business. And yet, accustomed as we are to grant that any one who has achieved noteworthy success possesses some merit, we may not logically or fairly deny the right of consideration to an archangel who, after thousands of years of strife unexampled in point of bitterness, still manages, according to current opinion, to hold his own. True, we think or, at least, are glad to hope that the seemingly everlasting struggle between day and night, light and darkness, good and evil, is gradually working to the ultimate salvation of a small, though select, segment of the human race; but, even so, to depreciate the fighting quality of our chief adversary would reflect little credit upon a breed accustomed to acclaim its own sportsmanlike spirit.

Surely, if it be true, as our most religious observers declare, that Satan still has a greater following than all of the good angels combined, the fact is full of significance. And how accounted for? That he is shrewder and more industrious than the others we have been taught and may readily believe; but even that painful admission hardly suffices as an explanation. May it not be that Satan, in common with other politicians, has been misunderstood and misrepresented? His original offense seems not to have been unduly serious; he was only so ambitious, as we are informed, that he could not keep quiet, and his restlessness

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made of him a common nuisance, as it has of others since, and Saint Michael was instructed to put him out. Unfortunately for us, he landed eventually upon our earth in the vicinity of an attractive new garden, and, assuming the guise of a serpent, impertinently accosted an imprudent lady in such beguiling fashion as to produce those disastrous results of which we all are now cognizant.

It was not a manly or generous act thus to impose upon the credulity of a newly made lady quite destitute of experience; but there is no reason to believe that it was regarded as wholly without excuse even at home, because, according to the Scriptures, he kept going back and forth and handing in reports until he overshot the mark by practically betting that poor Job could be nagged into repudiation of his faith. We have never been able to understand how Satan got permission to have that test made. Job was an inoffensive, law-abiding citizen, wholly devoted to his own sheep and wives and in all other ways exemplary in thought, expression and conduct. But, calm and simple though he seemed, he was, as we all who read the Bible know, strong enough to resist temptation, and the ambitious Satan, losing prestige in consequence in heaven, was virtually forced to pass the remainder of his days on earth, where we must confess he has been and is to this day most annoying and pertinacious.

Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that his ministrations will continue beyond this life. There was at one time such an idea shared by even such men as Milton and Dante and Calvin, but later advices indicate to the scientific mind that it was fallacious. In the first place, it is now conceded that Hell is not a hot place, but a land of bitter cold and icy walls, gloomy enough to irritate sinners, and yet not entirely devoid of material comforts. Its original name was Niflheim, but since none but Germans could pronounce it properly, it was changed as a compliment to the Teutonic goddess, Hel, when she became its queen, and has since been known to all by that title—short, easily spoken, and capable of being uttered, at times, with appropriately explosive emphasis. Thence, in midwinter, seeking shelter from the Icelandic blasts, travelled the djöful, as he was then known in that vicinity.

It was a red-letter day in Hel when the devil arrived; the jovial residents had long wanted a butt for their jests, and the

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half-starved wanderer supplied the need. "In the most good-humored manner," Professor Max Müller informs us, "they exchanged a flitch of bacon for his marvellous quern; and when he had satisfied the cravings of hunger, they played many pranks upon him."

One cannot but feel some pity for the poor devil in those early days. He was young and inexperienced, lacking both patrimony and friends, and looking forward to a protracted existence and strenuous career. The Germans thought he was stupid, and their legends contain so many accounts of ludicrous ways in which they invariably outwitted him, that Southey once confessed that he "could never think of the devil without laughing." It was in this contemptuous spirit that the English, having in mind the nix or nixy of the German fairy-tales, corresponding to the nicor of Beowulf, designated him laughingly as Old Nick. But the devil was nobody's fool. Despite the loss of his quern, his indefatigability and developed talents have won for him a place in history equal, if not superior, from the view-point of mere personal achievement, to that of a mediæval conqueror or a modern President. His tragic death at the hands of a common button-moulder, as related in the legends, we must regard, not as the record of an actual happening, since we know only too well that he is still with us, but as prophetic that his career will not continue beyond this life.

Many who have had visions of hot griddles, burning oil and the like will be comforted by this assurance; and yet it is not easy to foresee how we can get along without him even in the world to come. Certain it is that those of us who have no cause for personal apprehension will not only miss the jaunty goings-on which we now find enlivening, but will also consider it almost a breach of faith to be deprived of an occasional peek at certain people we know smarting under the treatment they so richly deserve even now. We really cannot tell. It may be that the Teutonic notion is wrong, and that the good old Presbyterian conception will yet be realized. If so, how tempting the prospect of long winter evenings before the fire, listening to the sardonic prince's tales of his personal experiences among our fellow men! We can even now see Mark Twain sitting there smoking, drinking in those autobiographical reminiscences, and slowly turning green from envy. But meanwhile, possessing our souls in patience,

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let us be not accused of unworthy hedging if, at this appropriate season, we ask the prayers of all good people for Satan himself, no less than for his multitudinous flock. We shall rather be bringing ourselves into healthy accord with the high sentiments of those whose sympathy finds bounds neither in race, nor in clime, nor in geographical line, nor in extra-terrestrial condition, but who desire the universal welfare—like Robert Burns, who thus exhorted his fellow-sinner to repentance:

"But fare-you-weel, Auld Nickie-Ben!
O, wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
E'en for your sake!"

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LA SENTENCOJ DE SALOMONO.*

(El la Biblio.)

EL LA ORIGINALO TRADUKIS, L. L. ZAMENHOF.

ĈAPITRO I.

(1) SENTENCOJ de Salomono, filo de Davido, reĝo de Izraelo, (2) por scii saĝon kaj moralinstruon, por kompreni parolojn de prudento, (3) por ricevi instruon pri saĝo, vero, justo kaj honesto, (4) por doni al la malsaĝuloj spriton, al la junulo scion kaj singardemon. (5) Saĝulo aŭdu kaj plimultigu sian scion, kaj prudentulo akiros gvidajn kapablojn, (6) por kompreni sentencon kaj retoraĵon, la vortojn de saĝuloj kaj iliajn ekzemplojn. (7) La timo antaŭ Dio estas la komenco de sciado. Saĝon kaj instruon malpiuloj malestimas. (8) Aŭskultu, mia filo, la instruon de via patro, kaj ne forĵetu la ordonon de via patrino; (9) ĉar ili estas bela krono por via kapo kaj ornamo por via kolo. (10) Mia filo, se pekuloj vin logos, ne sekvu ilin. (11) Se ili diros: iru kun ni, ni embuskos por mortigi, ni senkaŭze insidos senkulpulojn; (12) kiel infero ni englutos ilin vivajn, kaj la piulojn kiel irantajn en la tombon; (13) ni trovos diversajn grandvaloraĵojn, ni plenigos niajn domojn per rabaĵo; (14) vi lotos meze inter ni, unu monujo estos por ni ĉiuj. (15) Mia filo, ne iru la vojon kune kun ili, gardu vian piedon de ilia vojstreko, (16) ĉar iliaj piedoj kuras al malbono kaj rapidas

* Dr. Zamenhof has made this translation of Proverbs from the original text especially for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The subsequent chapters will be published during 1908.

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versi sangon. (17) Ĉar vane estas metata reto antaŭ la okuloj de ĉiuj birdoj, (18) kaj ili embuskos sian propran sangon, ili insidas siajn proprajn animojn. (19) Tiaj estas la vojoj de ĉiu, kiu avidas rabakiron: ĝi forprenas la vivon de sia posedanto. (20) La saĝo kantas ekstere, ĝi aŭdigas sian voĉon en la stratoj; (21) ĝi vokas en la ĉefaj kunvenejoj, ĉe la prodegaj eniroj, en la urbo ĝi diras siajn parolojn. (22) Ĝis kiam, ho malsaĝuloj vi amos malsaĝon, kaj al blasfemontoj plaĉos blasfemado, kaj senprudentuloj malamos scion? (23) Returnu vin al mia predikado; jen mi eligos al vi mian spiriton, mi sciigos al vi miajn vortojn. (24) Ĉar mi vokis, kaj vi rifuzis, mi etendis mian manon kaj neniu atentis; (25) kaj vi forĵetis ĉiujn miajn konsilojn kaj miajn predikojn vi ne deziris: (26) Tial ankaŭ mi ridos ĉe via malfeliĉo, mi mokos, kiam timo vin atakos. (27) Kiam la timo atakos vin kiel uragano kaj via malfeliĉo venos kiel ventego, kiam venos al vi mizero kaj sufero; (28) tiam ili min vokos, sed mi ne respondos, ili min serĉos, sed min ne trovos. (29) Tial ke ili malamis scion kaj timon antaŭ Dio ili ne deziris havi, (30) ili ne deziris miajn konsilojn, ili malestimis ĉiujn miajn predikojn: (31) ili manĝu la fruktojn de sia agado kaj ili satiĝu de siaj pripensoj. (32) Ĉar la kapricoj de la malsaĝuloj ilin mortigas, kaj la senzorgeco de la senorduloj ilin pereigas. (33) Sed kiu min aŭskultas, loĝos sendanĝere kaj estos trankvila kaj ne timos malbonon.

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THE PROVERBS.

(Of the Bible.)

CHAPTER I.

(1) THE proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel; (2) to know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding; (3) to receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity; (4) to give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion. (5) A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: (6) To understand a proverb, and the interpretation: the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. (7) The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction. (8) My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: (9) for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. (10) My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. (11) If they say, Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: (12) let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit: (13) we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: (14) cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse: (15) my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path; (16) for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood: (17) surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird. (18) And they lay wait for their own blood; they lurk privily

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for their own lives. (19) So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain; which taketh away the life of the owners thereof. (20) Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: (21) she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, (22) how long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? (23) Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. (24) Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; (25) but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. (26) I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when your fear cometh; (27) when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. (28) Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; (29) for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: (30) they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. (31) Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. (32) For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. (33) But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

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